

H E N R I E T T A

O F

G E R S T E N F E L D ;

A
G E R M A N S T O R Y .

" But grant in public Men sometimes are shewn,

" A Woman's seen in private life alone."

P O P E ' S E P I S T .

V O L . II .

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D F O R W I L L I A M L A N E ,
L E A D E N H A L L - S T R E E T ,

M D C C L X X V I I I .

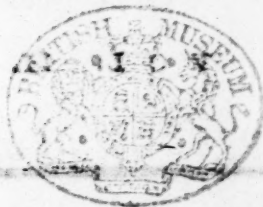
HENRIETTA

OF

CHRISTENFELD

The Publisher of this work, the former part of which has been received so very favourably as to be universally read and approved, flatters himself the Public will excuse the delay of this second part, which has arose from some unforeseen circumstances.—He however presumes to hope the uncommon merit of this book will make amends for the delay.

“A Woman's room is private life alone.”
Pope's Essay.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

MDCCLXXXIII.

H E N R I E T T A

O F

G E R S T E N F E L D.

L E T T E R XLI.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

HOW happy, my dear friend!
am I, in having left you, at my
late visit, in a state which has
dissipated my fears! Your physi-
VOL. II. B cian

cian has given me the pleasing assurances that in a few days your cure will be completed. If his promise be realized by the event, I have destined him a handsome present. Pray conform to his advice, and in a little time we shall embrace thee at the parsonage.

As I had foreseen, my dear Werner, our Captain has not departed with his company;—he remains with us, still indisposed, fierce and impatient as ever; his valet, the most rude and disagreeable of men, seems to have attentively studied, as he labours to imitate, the most exceptionable traits of his master's character;—he often repeats “that
“ his master is rich, that he denies
“ himself no gratification, that the
“ vio-

“ violence of his passions will not
 “ brook restraint or contradiction ;
 “ —but notwithstanding all this,
 “ (adds the extenuating valet) he
 “ is at heart, a good man.”——My
 God ! were this man married,
 what his wife and children must
 suffer ! but happily, he is neither
 husband or father ; in such a state
 he would be a domestic tyrant,
 insensible to the tenderest endear-
 ments, negligent of paternal du-
 ty, and by his savage humour,
 empoisoning every source of hap-
 piness.

I have just received a letter from
 my dear father ; he is twenty
 leagues from hence ; he gives us
 the most pleasing assurances of his
 being in perfect health ; his letters

too are written in terms so tender, so expressive of paternal fondness, that even strangers would read them with interest. When I received his last letter, which relieved me from the anxious and encreasing solicitude caused by his long silence, my soul addressed a secret aspiration of thanksgiving to Heaven; I fell on my knees, rendering thanks to God for his manifold favours, and imploring him to continue his protecting care to my dear father. When we meet, I shall read to you his letter, you will find that he does not forget you. My mother is unusually chearful to-day; my temper, uniformly influenced by her's, partakes of its present gaiety. Adieu, my dear friend!

what

HENRIETTA OF GERSTENFELD: 5

what happy evenings we should
pass here, were you well, and
Mr. Reumar, with his valet
Schrubbers, gone!

HENRIETTA WOLKMAR.

B 3

LET.

L E T T E R XLII.

WERNER TO HENRIETTA.

A Thousand thanks, my dear friend ! for your kind visit ; thou indeed art friendship,—goodness itself ;—your confidence in the skill of my physician will, I hope, be justified in my speedy recovery ; but after all, 'tis you Henrietta, you only, who possess the remedy which can best accelerate the cure of Werner, —— one kind look, one expression of fond sympathy, of tender condolance ! are of superiour efficacy to all the prescriptions of the physician, or
all

all that medical skill can ever supply.

The conduct of Captain Reumar displeases me much, it even excites some very disquieting apprehensions, of which it is almost superfluous to say, you, my dear Henrietta, are the object ! I know this man to be capable of the most unwarrantable acts ; you, however, do not seem to suspect him ; you, whose purer heart, secure in conscious rectitude, forms its estimate of others by the amiable, but in this instance, illusory criterion, of its own virtues ; and supposing all others actuated by a similar principle of intrinsic worth, knows not how to conceive a thought injurious to the character, or a doubt of the fini-

fter designs of another, however base. But suspect the Captain and his Valet ; yes, his Valet ! those bad servants are ever prompt to incite, or at least to second their masters' designs ; shun all converse with him, and, above all, repress the advances of Captain Reumar ; such men have never innocent intentions, and are fully persuaded that every woman who pleases them, should necessarily be subjected to their will.

“ Will you never cease writing,
 “ Werner ? ” cries my father.——
 “ Yes, Sir, allow me but to write
 “ a few lines more ! ”——His intention herein is certainly good, and his opinion in any case is to be respected, though in the present instance it opposes the principle

ciple which constitutes my happiness: he does not consider, or perhaps cannot comprehend, that in writing to you, I find the most compendious and pleasing remedy for my disorder, and that to debar me from this salutary employment, would be extremely prejudicial to me. Adieu! my dear Henrietta! may we be soon wedded; and in that fond hope lives

CHARLES WERNER.

B 5

L E T.

10 HENRIETTA OF GERSTENFELD.

L E T T E R XLIII.

CAPTAIN KRONENGOLD

T O

CAPTAIN REUMAR.

POOR Reumar ! I most sincerely pity you ; and if, on this distressful occasion, aught can aggravate your sufferings, or my regrets, it is the painful reflexion, that those ills of which you complain, originate from yourself ; they are the natural, but deplorable effects of a long series of dissipation and misconduct.

Behold

Behold the consequences of those excesses ! chagrin, disease, the irreparable lapse of time, a ruined constitution,—premature old age ! Ah ! my dear Captain, these are the sad fruits of licentious pleasure ; nothing more sweet in the beginning, nothing more bitter in the end.

I fear your letter presents too just a transcript of your present frame of mind ; — I see you, your natural impetuosity heightened by disease ; fierce, raging, ungovernable : I feel, painfully feel for you ; if you have any wound in addition to your malady, it cannot, but with the greatest difficulty, be cured, whilst passion, soured and ill-conditioned blood, and corrupt humours predominate.

nate. You will term this counsel preaching, and slight it accordingly ; yet, however you may dislike the Curate's discourse, you may not, perhaps, wholly disregard the counsels of a friendship ardent and disinterested, and you know the heart of Kronengold !

The Curate, at whose house you are quartered, is an honest and obliging man ; venerable by his years, as by the sacred function to which he belongs ; is there not then a degree of respectful attention due to him ? or at least cannot you restrain in his presence that habit of swearing, which is only the *ton* of what is very improperly termed good company ; or, do you imagine, as many of
our

our young officers do, that there is a species of courage, or, if you will, a sort of becoming gallantry, in swearing in the presence of a clergyman, thereby to wound the sentiments that his character and situation inspire? It is a prejudice, my friend, at once shocking to good sense, honour, and true politeness; besides, this Minister is your host, and let me add, from his kind attentions during your indisposition, your benefactor also; you owe him kindness, or at least thanks, not injuries and insults.

As to the Ladies, beware of any proceedings, which may have unfortunate consequences. I know not Major Wolkmar, but Renchild, who knows him well, says that

that he is an officer of great merit, that he eminently distinguished himself in the last war, and that he stands high in his Majesty's favour. His character is altogether as amiable, as that of most of our military gentlemen is otherwise. Renchild knew not that he was married. I exhort you again, my dear friend, to listen on this occasion to the voice of honour and of prudence.

The King's army has entered Bohemia, but no general action has yet taken place. Our Hussars keep up a little skirmishing war; I shall not send you the details, the event is generally the same, and of little consequence. The King has lately honoured this Corps with his particular approbation.

If

If there be any action in which our regiment takes a part, you may depend on hearing from me, but I hope you will come yourself to gather laurels, to rejoice your friends, and rejoice with them.

CHARLES KRONENGOLD.

LET-

L E T T E R XLIV.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

I HAD yesterday designed to set about a letter to you, but I had not a moment to spare; I now sit down to repair my lost time, and I shall begin, as penitentiaries do, by a confession—that I have not observed your injunction respecting the Captain, but before you condemn me, hear——

Since he has quitted his bed, my mother and I have generally sequestered us in Mr. Ulrich's study; there we read, we work,
we

we talk of the most excellent man that ever wore the fur of a Huffer; this theme is indeed enchantingly copious; when we have once begun, we know not how to leave off.

We were yesterday engaged in this sweet occupation when the good Curate came to acquaint us that Captain Reumar requested permission to take chocolate with us; I have not been able to refuse him, said Mr. Ulrich, but I hope he will behave with decorum; if he does not, we know what to do——

My mother's eyes met mine, both expressive of mutual dissatisfaction; my mother declared her dislike to the proffered visit of
the

the Captain, and I intreated Mr. Ulrich, who had with great reluctance engaged in this negociation, to prevail on Mr. Reumar to dispense with our company for the present, and to assure him that Mrs. Wolkmar was much indisposed.——The good old man regarded us with a serious air, lowered his head, and rubbed his forehead——he is such an enemy to falsehood that he would not utter an untruth even jokingly; ——I perceived the cause of his embarrassment,——“ My mother “ is really unwell,” said I, “ that “ is the pure truth, she complains “ of a violent headach,” —— I shall inform him, replied Mr. Ulrich.

Our

Our uneasiness, indeed, was great, but did the Captain accept of our apology? He regarded it but as a bad excuse, and poor Mr. Ulrich suffered from the recoilment of his ill-humour on the occasion. But why is this man to disturb our tranquillity? we desire not his visits! I endeavoured to compose my mother, but acquitted myself very awkwardly, being, as you may well suppose, no less agitated than her.

In about half an hour Mr. Ulrich returned, saying, “ All is
 “ in vain below, I cannot dismiss
 “ him: since I left you, the time
 “ has passed in intreaties on his
 “ part, and remonstrances on
 “ mine,—he makes my blood
 “ boil with his vehement expres-
 “ sions,

“fions, and impatience.”——We were extremely disconcerted, we looked on each other in silence, meditating some means of evading the blow: in the midst of this mute scene, we hear a tap at the door, my mother opens it, it is the captain,——he bows profoundly, stammers out a few words which I could not hear, makes some apologies for the liberty taken, and presents his hand to my mother, she follows him, and I as mechanically follow after!

We might be aptly compared to sheep on this occasion, certainly we were very weak, very timid; I could not hinder myself from laughing; we should either have firmly declined the Captain's invitation,

invitation, or complied with a better grace, for in reality, what had we to fear? but take what followed.

We, with Mr. Ulrich, accompanied him to his apartment, and to say truth, did not yesterday find him that piece of consummate effrontery his former conduct had evinced him; his deportment was throughout agreeable and gracious, we almost forgot that he was the same man who possessed himself of the house with the most insulting petulance, who frightened the curate with his oaths, and made us retreat to the study to be sheltered from his brutality.

He

He is a fine man, taller than my father, and his uniform becomes him to admiration; but however accomplished he may be as a Captain, he is by no means so as a man; he wants that winning sweetness, those graces, in short, that indefinable manner, which irresistibly captivates the heart, that manner, of which it may be doubted whether art or nature, or a happy union of both, imparts; when we observe him closely, there appears somewhat fiery and disordered in his aspect; Mr. Ulrich imputes his defects to the neglect of his education; his natural bent has not been duly regulated in youth, nor the inordinate tendency of his passions repressed, bad examples have completed the work,

work, and vitiated a mind not naturally ill-disposed.

I cannot remember all the particulars of our conversation, but on the whole, the result of this so-much-dreaded interview was by no means unpleasing; it agreeably disappointed our expectations, my mother has formed a more favourable opinion of him, nor can I indeed deny that he in some degree deserves it; he expressed very high respect for my father; “I have not,” said he, “the honour of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Wolkmar, but I know that he is an officer of distinguished merit, who possesses the favour of the King.” — This compliment concluded our conversation for the evening;

we are reconciled to the Captain, Werner; he has praised my father, we are ready to praise himself.

After this account of our visit, be just Werner, and allow that I could not in strictness follow your counsel. Be tranquil, you have nothing to fear from Captain Reumar; 'tis true, that on our withdrawing, he requested the honour of waiting on us again,——and we, Werner,——but you have a higher opinion of our politeness than to think we would readily offend him by a refusal;—no,——my dear friend,——I wish not to give him any cause of dissatisfaction, besides, he is recovered, and will soon leave us;
we

we shall however, as far as we can, avoid his visits.

Do not expect me to-morrow, it will be impossible for me to go, we are to have Mr. Muller, and his family with us. For the day following, I am invited to a wedding,—a wedding, Werner; do you not hear with pleasure, that word of good omen?

HENRIETTA WOLKMAR.

L E T T E R XLV.

CAPTAIN REUMAR

T O

CAPTAIN KRONENGOLD.

I SHOULD reply to your fine moralities in a very different style, but that I have occasion for your advice at the present crisis.

Io——no——not yet *Io Tri-*
omphe——but I have began my ap-
 proaches in form, and every thing
 promises a successful issue to my
 attack :——Know then, that——
 I have seen them,—those two di-
 vinities,—I have seen them!——
 had an interview with them!——
 that

that animal Schrubbers had not represented to me the twentieth part of their perfections; ten thousand pannier-load of Rabelais' devils seize me, if I ever before saw a finer woman than the wife of Wolkmar; yet, beautiful as she appeared, she did not long hold me captivated; the superiour charms of her daughter dissolved the fetters, only to rivet them fifty times more secure; the beauty of Henrietta obscures that of her mother as much as the meridian splendours of the sun outshines the light of the moon. Recollect, Kronengold, and group the finest women you have ever seen, combine each of the most beautiful traits, and from this assemblage of perfections you may be enabled to form an idea of Henrietta.

From the first moment I had seen her, I was no longer in possession of myself.

I had invited the ladies, *per* favour of the Reverend Mr. Ulrich, (who acted on this important occasion as my plenipo. extraordinary,) to take chocolate with me; my old curate returned with a declination.—I, not discouraged by this repulse, dispatched him again; but resolving to second his negotiation in person, I followed him, and to avoid the pain which both parties must suffer from such a ceremonious process of requests and denials, I broke up the conferences by entering unawares into the closet whither the ladies had retired. My unexpected arrival threw them into a surprize that suffused their
lovely

lovely cheeks with superadded carnation, and embellished in an eminent degree their native charms: ah! I wish much to know, Kronengold, if the Houries, which the Prophet of the Moslems promises to true believers in the seventh heaven, are but half as handsome!

I persuaded them to come:— behold me now seated opposite to my fair Henrietta! Never had I enjoyed a pleasure so transcendant; but think not that I was impetuous or bold—upon my soul, it was not in my power to be so. I was embarrassed, fascinated—I felt what I had never before felt, but how to define these sensations, 'tis impossible! Was it esteem and respect for her virtue? Was

it rapturous admiration at her beauty? it matters little, Kron. but I never before experienced these mute transports, these timid oppressions,—I was no longer the same,—your fiery friend had underwent a sudden and unaccountable metamorphosis.

This proud, yet timid creature, spoke little: however, one must be stupid indeed not to perceive in the little she said, the spirit of an angel: two or three fallies that escaped her disclosed a brilliant wit, and a fine imagination, which the presence of a stranger evidently restrained; but this reserve, which all our countrywomen have more or less, will soon, I trust, dissipate, and she is too polite, not to endeavour to render herself agreeable,
or

or to exhibit those fine qualities she so eminently possesses.

What, am I then in love! Yes, Kronengold! deeper than I can express! Who can behold her and not be enchanted by the magic of her eyes, by those thousand charms that revel in her lovely face, by those various inexpressive graces that fill her form. Thyself, cold-blooded, impenetrable Kronengold, spite of thy boasted philosophy, thou wouldst be obliged to abandon thy severe principles, and resign thyself to the effect of those charms which I, alas! have found but too irresistible. How I despise your vain wisdom, your austere philosophy, if she gives arms against so sweet a sentiment as love, against so adorable an ob-

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ject

ject as Henrietta. I am no novice in love, but I never before experienced feelings like the present either for Julia M—— or Louisa C——; but these were not Henriettas, these were scarcely miserable copies of her. I am desperate at the idea of removing hence. Must I then quit Paradise and its angels for a camp, the very abstract of hell itself, full of noise and inconveniencies, and to fight with devils!

But of what use are those complaints? Once more I say, Kronengold, what shall I do? I am so deeply enamoured, that passion excludes every other idea but that of love and Henrietta. "Marry then," say you. Ah! Kronengold, what friend to liberty could

could resolve to do that? Schrubbers has started a good idea, but you are so immersed in wisdom, that your friends with doubt and diffidence confide their projects to you. Of this truth I am an example. I really fear you, Kronengold, you and your old-fashioned prejudices:—come, my dear Kronengold, for once be reasonable, and listen not to stupid scruples. You have good sense, are pregnant in resources, and can readily suggest some plausible means of carrying off Henrietta—some means which will remove all suspicion from me, at least for a time. Schrubbers is a wily rogue, Anthony is not his inferior, money accomplishes all things, and money I have. What think you then? The mother is

certainly not Wolkmar's wife, she is only his mistress; he has had the address to juggle her from her parents; for the rest, a daughter may, without derogation, be what her mother has been.

This is the plan to which, on the most mature deliberation, I find myself most partial. Answer me quickly, and if the post does not set off immediately after your letter is written, dispatch a special messenger with it. I have recovered, but the fever has so exhausted me, that were there no other reason, I must continue here a while to recruit. I embrace all our friends at camp.

F. REUMAR.

L E T-

L E T T E R XLVI.

ROSENTHAL TO WERNER.

I HAVE not been able to call upon you, my dear Charles, on account of my father's illness; but there is an anxious something upon my heart, which friendship requires I should impart, however great the surprize and chagrin which you must feel from its communication. Yet perhaps I should not be to blame in concealing from you a matter in which you are so deeply interested; I say, should not, because I am conscious that in the *present* instance you are undeserv-

C 6

deserving my services—you have gone in my track, supplanted me in the affections of Henrietta, (who is now no longer *Henrietta of the Curacy*, but Miss Wolkmarr.) Was this fair or honourable?—But I have my revenge. I and many of our neighbours laugh to see another serve you precisely in the same manner you have served me; we amuse ourselves at your expence; I find myself avenged, enjoy it, and in all this do not think I have any thing to reproach myself with. I assure you that I retain no rancour against you; no, there are girls enough in the world who will gladly marry, and I shall soon find one amongst them to my liking. You will, I hope, observe, that I have not the most distant idea of offending
you

you by this preamble; the object of my letter is to apprize you of a misfortune which menaces you, and which, if not timely averted, will prove destructive of your happiness.

Briefly then, there is quartered at the house of the Curate a Captain of Dragoons, who has lately been very ill; he has recovered, but notwithstanding remains at the parsonage. It is said here, but I will not positively aver it for truth, that he loves Henrietta, and that she encourages his addresses. The Captain's servant and our gardener are very intimate, the former is incessantly asking questions about Henrietta and her parents. I yesterday overheard the gardener say to him, "Your master must give
" up

“ up his pretensions there, Miss
 “ Wolkmar is promised to the
 “ son of our Syndic, Werner;
 “ we only wait for his recovery
 “ to celebrate the nuptials.”——
 “ Indeed!” rejoins the valet,
 “ those will be unwelcome tidings
 “ to my master.”

Bustle, bustle, then, my dear
 Werner, look sharp about you,
 for your dragoon rival fits well in
 his saddle, and the girls are a com-
 modity that those gentlemen of
 the blade assume a prescriptive
 right to traffic in. Henrietta, I
 believe, is faithful, but there is
 no security for either her heart or
 person, whilst this military bird of
 prey hovers over her. Get speedily
 cured; an occasion like this would
 restore sight to the blind, speech
 to

to the dumb, and the faculty of walking to the lame.—Dispatch, I say, and if the occasion should require it, remember your old French comrade and friend Rosenthal.—Say nothing of this letter to Henrietta. Adieu.

F. ROSENTHAL.

LET-

L E T T E R XLVII.

WERNER TO ROSENTHAL.

Y E S, my dear Frenchman, your letter came most seasonably ; I have also received one from Henrietta, your letters illustrate each other with a vengeance ! The devil surely avails himself of the services of these cursed soldiers to work mischief, and never surely had he more convenient instruments. I was so happy, my friend !—pleasing, — painful retrospect ! from henceforth unenjoyed !— Ah, my friend !—but this abandoned Reumar !

mar ! he loves better the business of seduction than that of fighting ; this is not a Wolkmar, who, when the service of his king and country calls him to the field, leaves an amiable and much loved wife and daughter, and that too at the interesting crisis of recovering these dear and long-lost relatives ! Great God ! I burn with indignation ; if our good King knew but of this, would he, Rosenthal, suffer those Captains, whom he pays to defend and protect us, to do us as much injury as we could possibly expect from our Austrian enemies, or even from Polish Pandours, or Zaporavian Cossacks ?

After all, I do not suspect Henrietta ; and yet,—I do,—I must suspect her !—Am I not in possession

sion

sion of her letter, wherein she describes him as a man of the most pleasing address,—manners conciliating,—handsome.—Why should she be thus lavish in his praise?—I have lately had a fever, but that is nothing in comparison of jealousy, of that unconsumed fire which devours me.

Yet you are a brave lad, and a steady friend; I must acknowledge that, Rosenthal, but what shall I do? I wish to die, but this Dragoon must go before me.

I shall see you this evening; I hope to get out unperceived by my father; you may give me some useful counsel. And if the Captain's valet returns on his villainous mission, let your Gardener, or somebody

body for him, break his bones; I shall reward the service with twenty crowns—no compassion for such rascals!

CHARLES WERNER.

LET-

L E T T E R XLVIII.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

A R E you still sick ? or do you take a pleasure in tormenting me ? I cannot otherwise account for your silence: why do you not answer my letter ?—or why not come to see me ?

At once tell me, that pride induces this unaccountable conduct ; or that in some more favoured, some happier object, Henrietta is forgotten.—But I wrong you, Werner ! you love only me, my conscious heart assures me of that, but
I re-

I require you, under pain of my heaviest displeasure, to explain to me your reasons, for neither coming to see me, or writing to me.

One of my father's servants arrived here yesterday with letters, which contained the most agreeable accounts from him. When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I shall read to you my father's letters to my mother and me. He constantly enquires about you, my dear Werner, and you are often the occasion of raising some blushes on the cheeks of your friend.

Mr. Reumar is still my knight-errant, but Mr. Reumar begins to be something not altogether pleasing to me,—he acts the part of a lover, and with whom, Charles?
with

with your mistress! After all, should I refuse him? You persist in your silence, and wholly absent yourself from us,—you forget me—should I not then think myself very fortunate, in thus finding an agreeable and accomplished person to entertain me with those fine discourses, and complimentary addresses, to which you have accustomed me? Now is not Mr. Reumar a charming man? less so than Charles Werner! but he is more ardent, he will prove more faithful!—Think of this, Mr. Werner, and do not provoke me to reprisals.

My mother commands you, as her son, to come immediately to the parsonage; in case of failure, I shall very readily contribute to

your punishment. If you had suffered a relapse, I should go to see you, but that is not the case,—your father has informed us so.

HENRIETTA WOELMAR.

LET.

L E T T E R XLIX.

WERNER TO HENRIETTA.

MY health is re-established, but my father does not chuse that I should venture abroad till the weather becomes more settled, and I really have not had time for writing since my recovery. But it is a matter of much indifference to Miss Wolkmar whether I write or not, whether I go to the parsonage or not. She cannot surely place me in competition with so fine a man as Captain Reumar! so engaging, so handsome, so polite, so ardent, and so rich.

The

The letter from my most estimable friend, Major Wolkmar, shall be returned to Mr. Ulrich, the first opportunity. The remembrance of this excellent man shall hold a place in my heart. I have his best wishes, but I am, notwithstanding, unhappy ! Perish Charles Werner ! and those who reduce him to despair.

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T T E R L.

MAJOR WOLKMAR

T O T H E

REVEREND ERASMUS ULRICH.

AFTER much fatigue, and sanguinary operations, I at length enjoy a few moments of tranquillity, which I gladly devote to the employment of writing to you and my family. Excellent man! whose humanity, generosity, and disinterestedness, for a period of nineteen years, excites in the bosom of Wolkmar the most lively feelings of esteem, gratitude and admiration. Second father! preserver of
my

my dear and only child ! it is impossible that I can ever repay the obligations that I owe you, obligations of which every day encreases on your part the magnitude, and on mine the estimation.

I have only then to offer you, my dear Sir, one eternal acknowledgment, and, if fate permit me not to return to my wife and daughter, I entreat that you will, as heretofore, supply my place ; to the former a friend, to the latter a father ! My heart feels itself at ease in this injunction, since you will continue, to both, your kind guardianship. For a man who thinks so liberally as you, riches, however great they might be, could never furnish me, in the least degree, with the means of acknowledging

D 2

ledging those obligations you have laid me under. But, venerable man ! there is a Being who recompenses these actions, which man cannot, or will not, requite ! It is His to distinguish between that sublime and disinterested spirit of benevolence, which actuates the friend of humanity, who seeks no reward, but that of self-approbation, the secret consciousness of doing good,—and those egotists, whose every act, however beneficial to others, springs from a love of praise, who are their own applauders, and whose benefits are conferred with ostentatious and insulting parade.

Salute your amiable spouse for me, assure her of my most grateful acknowledgments ; her maternal, her
friendly

friendly cares, are impressed in indelible traits on the hearts of Mrs. Wolkmar, Henrietta, and myself.

I yet entertain a hope of passing the winter with you ; then Charles Werner, my dear boy, shall have Henrietta, and I will send them to one of my estates, where my friend Wisenau will receive them ; till then they shall be under your protection. I shall now advert a little to the war. The Austrian army is so strongly entrenched, that it would be an act of the highest temerity to attack it ; the war is thus confined to skirmishes, in which my hussars find continual employment. Your favourite Hubert has been wounded in one of these affairs, by a shot from a fusée ; he is disabled in the left arm :

I have some thoughts of sending him to you, on condition that he be no inconvenience to you. I will not allow him to be any expence to you, and will pay the surgeon who attends him.

The King is in good health, gay,—alert,—he is ever where the enemy least expect him; we have more than once had the happiness of his approbation. Amiable and benevolent old man! I embrace you and Mrs. Ulrich.

LEOPOLD WOLKMAR.

L E T.

L E T T E R L I.

THE REVEREND MR. ULRICH

T O

W E R N E R.

IN the name of God what have you done, young blunderer ! and what can your late extraordinary letter to Miss Wolkmar mean ? Why have you distressed us in this manner ? The poor child weeps incessantly on the bosom of her mother. We see plainly that all this is the effect of jealousy : why will you thus deliver yourself up to a fatal passion, which seems to an-

D 4. nihilate.

nihilate all your good qualities ! I have now before me a copy of that letter, the effusion of the innocent and tender heart of Henrietta ; this letter you have strangely perverted from its obvious and real meaning, yet might every sentence of it have afforded you incontestible proofs of the purity and force of her attachment.

You have done very wrong, my dear boy, not to make better use of your reason, in a matter so essential to your happiness and that of Henrietta, in whose veins you are to remember that the noble blood of Wolkmar runs. Captain Reumar has by no means inspired this amiable girl with any tender sentiments for him. Charles Werner is the only man living whom she loves,
but

but he certainly is of all men him
who least merits it, if he does not
immediately atone for his injurious
and ill-founded jealousy.

ER. ULRICH.

D 5

LET-

L E T T E R LII.

WERNER T/O ROSENTHAL.

UNLUCKY Rosenthal! what have you done? Your accursed letter! I am lost! See what Mr. Ulrich writes! What a stupid ass I have been in crediting your infamous surmises! Read Henrietta's letter, which I here inclose; if she loved another, would she thus trifle with me? Is not every sentiment, every word, an attestation of her innocence? Yes! the bare perusal rends my heart. I shall be annihilated with shame and confusion. Say, Frenchman, what shall I do? Great God! if my father should be informed

ed of this,—or the worthy Wolkmarr!—If I should lose Henrietta, the fault will be wholly yours, Rosenthal: believe me to be from henceforth your irreconcilable enemy; may, however, your unfortunate letter prove somewhat in my justification! I shall send it to Mr. Ulrich, first taking the precaution to efface your name; if this suffices to appease their resentment, I am satisfied; if not, beware of the consequence.

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T T E R LIII.

ROSENTHAL TO WERNER.

WHAT injury have I done you ? wherein have I deceived you, weak, —rash man ? My letter was dictated by friendship ; I had heard some conversation that afforded me very ample scope for suspecting some design inimical to your interest and happiness to be in agitation ;—I had been advised, that a plan was concerted to carry off Henrietta. I communicated my information and opinion thereon with the best intention in the world ; you acknowledged yourself obliged to me for the information, and sent me a letter from Henrietta in confirmation of
of

of that which I had written to you ; and to-day you think proper to write me a letter replete with abuse and insult ! Go ! you do not deserve that I should interest myself on your account ; you are unworthy my regard or friendship ;—you are an extravagant !

Let matters go as they may, I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself ; and I fear neither you nor your menaces. You have my permission to send my letter to Mr. Ulrich without effacing my name, there is nothing in it I should find any repugnance in avowing, or any difficulty in defending. Do what you please, I shall give myself no further trouble about you or your mistress.

FRANCIS ROSENTHAL.

L E T-

L E T T E R LIV.

W E R N E R

T O T H E

REVEREND MR. ULRICH.

YOUR letter, my most dear, and most honoured Pastor, has freed me from a dangerous and unhappy error. How greatly am I obliged to you in having thus delivered me from impending ruin and despair ! But how was it possible for me to overlook the seeming, nay avowed, partiality of Miss Wolkmar for Captain Reumar ? The letter which I here inclose converted my apprehensions into the most painful proof. I examined no farther ; I considered the most sincere,
the

the most ardent passion outraged,
and Henrietta unfaithful !

Thus self-deceived, self-corrected, I am sensible of, and mourn my offence. I have no hope but in the forgiveness of your amiable daughter, if she be still interested for me ; it remains with you, dear Sir, to be my mediator with her ; till you have reconciled her to me, I cannot think of going to the parsonage.

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T.

L E T T E R L V.

WERNER TO HENRIETTA.

I HAVE offended you, Henrietta! I know I have,—can I hope for pardon? I am sensible I do not deserve it!—Whither had this horrible jealousy led me! But I shall not attempt to palliate my fault; yet, admitting that those flattering, and, as I feared, partial accounts of the hated Reumar should not have given me any disquiet, to have been totally tranquil and unmoved after the perusal of that letter which I inclosed to Mr. Ulrich, would have been inconsistent with the love I bear you, and you might with reason have doubted

doubted of the sincerity, the ardour, of my attachment.

I have been most cruelly deceived! but I feel a happiness even in the consciousness of having erred; I am redeemed from hell, for surely, Henrietta, the most dreadful of all tortures is jealousy; but forgive me; so shall increased and still confirmed passion at once excuse and efface the remembrance of my fault: love is ever indulgent, and readily pardons all things, save infidelity.—I submit to whatever penance you may impose, provided we be reconciled. If you yet love me, command me to fly to you!—

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T-

L E T T E R LVI.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

*S*I mio ben sarò fedele
 Non temer sarò costante.
 E saprà quest' alma amante
 Per te vivere, e morire.
 Prima il mar vedrai senz' onde
 Senz' arene, e senza sponde,
 Che s'estingua nel mio seno
 Un sì nobile desir.

Cupid, thy aid I now implore!
 Wilt thou confirm a mutual flame?
 And, arm'd with unresisted pow'r,
 Thy shafts at Werner's bosom aim?

Then never, never more to part,
 Unite our kindred souls in love,—
 O may the sov'reign of my heart,
 Each mean suspicion then disprove!

No

No more diffusing glories round—
Sooner shall day's bright orb retire ;
And ocean quit th' eternal bound,
Than my true flame shall e'er expire.

Yes ! young man, blind and impetuous, fly to your Henrietta, that she may punish you by new proofs of her inviolable attachment. When will you be sufficiently sensible, that I live but for you ; sensible, that you exclusively possess the heart of Henrietta ?

To what reprehensible lengths has an ill-founded jealousy carried you ! It is, my dear Werner, apparent that your soul is too facile to the admission of doubts and suspicions ; however willing I am to consider your late error, as an ebullition of passion, and a proof of the ardour of your attachment ; yet I
wish

wish for a reasonable lover, unsubjected to the wild and irregular impulses of passion, not one whose character seems composed of an eternal round of inequalities and contradictions; the man whom I shall make my spouse, must suppress those injurious and ill-founded jealousies, which inevitably tend to destroy the peace, and dissolve the union of hearts! What could induce me to declare a passion for you which my heart falsified? What prospect of happiness in encouraging a growing passion in another, without a reciprocity of sentiment on my part? Be assured, Werner, that a repetition of these affronts must eventually tend to our separation! That which pleases me most in love, and which indeed contributes most to its duration, is a happy mutuality of soul,

cor-

correspondence of sentiment, and the serene delights that accompany those.

The letter which has been productive of so much uneasiness to us both, was written by your friend Rosenthal; the precaution of effacing his name was unnecessary, his hand-writing being known to us. He might have spared his advice on this occasion. Of what import to us was the random discourse of Mr. Rosenthal's gardener and Captain Reumar's valet? I hope we shall have no more of these reveries.

Prepare yourself for a sharp reprehension from Mr. Ulrich; he has collected a thousand arguments, to demonstrate to you, that if jealousy produces very ridiculous effects, it
like-

likewise produces very serious ones. His intention is good, and if his admonition fails, I shall indeed despair of your reformation.

Blunderer ! I shall expect you this evening, when you shall confess that I am your still faithful Henrietta. If the Captain chuses to join us, do not suffer his amorous hyperboles and grimaces to make more bad blood between us. It is possible he may love me, but it is very possible also, that he may be one of your general lovers, a male-coquette. But whatever he be, do you remain easy in the assurance, that I shall never love any man but Charles Werner !

HENRIETTA WOLKMAR.

L E T-

L E T T E R LVII.

CAPTAIN KRONENGOLD

T O

CAPTAIN REUMAR.

THOUGH I have accustomed you, my friend, to find me of an opinion different from yours, yet I am happy that you have given up the idea, that all opposition of sentiment on my part, arose from a peculiarity of humour, or a desire of contradiction; and, that however frequent those friendly disagreements may have been, yet the adoption of my advice, (from
a con-

a conviction of its disinterestedness) and an augmentation of our friendship, has hitherto been the result.

And now, my dear Reumar, permit me to ask you, if you have acted either an honourable or prudent part? A man of your rank and consideration, to suffer himself to be led and controuled by a contemptible, ignorant, and unprincipled being, whose situation naturally induces a degree of self-debasement; and who thinks to place himself on an equality with you, by reducing you to his own despicable level! feeling at once an interest and a pleasure in transforming his master into a vile and abandoned ravisher, that himself may not be quite the last of men; from
hence

hence arises the general propensity of these scoundrel valets, to prompt the vicious intentions, enter into the views, and second the wicked measures of those they serve, who are thus reduced to a double species of subjection, to their own passions and foibles, and to their associates;—it is a sort of transfer or interchange of conditions, whereby the master becomes the servant,—a compact entered into under the auspices of vice and immorality.

But you fear me, hate, dread my remonstrances!—What do you say, Reumar? do you not condemn yourself? do you fear to propose to me an honourable act? But you are sufficiently apprised, that your friend will never be prevailed

on to engage in the odious project of carrying off a girl from her parents, and that he will not dissemble from you his deep sense of the infamy and wickedness of your design. For, Reumar, this vile plan was not conceived by you, but you suffer yourself to be guided by a rascal in livery.

Do not attempt to justify yourself, by pleading the power of love on this occasion;—the effects of real love are totally opposite;—love is respectful, diffident;—it is sensuality alone which is presuming and shameless. Were a debauchee susceptible of love, his soul might still regenerate itself.

My endeavours to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. Wolkmar,
have

have hitherto been fruitless, his corps are continually in action. I have been told by a non-commisioned officer of his squadron, that he is lawfully wedded to a beautiful and most amiable woman, by whom he has one daughter; both are lodged in the house of a curate in Silesia; this curate, I have no doubt, is your host. They speak of Wolkmar here in the highest terms, of a temper mild and humane, yet brave; rigorous in the feelings of honour, and severe in exacting the observance of military duty, suffering no crime to go unpunished. I know that all this is not capable of deterring Reumar from his purpose, yet it is the hope and wish of his friend, that he respect himself in the person of a brother officer.

The safest counsel which I can give you is, to propose yourself to Major Wolkmar as his son-in-law, and to avail yourself of your present residence with his daughter, to impress her with an advantageous idea of you. You have long entertained prejudices against marriage, but, at your age, these opinions are puerile and absurd; the word liberty has indeed a pleasing sound, but what is that liberty which a state of celibacy affords? to live sullenly and unsocially away, sequestered, joyless and uncomfortable; unconscious of those felicities which the marriage state only can confer, of the sweet relations, the endearing designations of father, wife, children! to leave his fortune to indifferents; to have none in whom he can confide to
sooth

sooth his cares,—to close his eyes ;—but encompassed by greedy expectants, whose impatience seems to reproach him with continuing to live.

In the present instance all agrees ; age, possessions, birth, military service. I can employ my good offices, and those of my friends, with Mr. Wolkmar, and you may reasonably hope to obtain his consent. Your reputation is well established, you are advancing rapidly to promotion, and whilst I labour to promote your interest and happiness, I feel the conscious satisfaction of acquitting myself of one of the most pleasing duties of friendship. Renounce then, I conjure you, Reumar, your project of carrying off the young lady ; respect

the defender of his country ; and consider that it is more honourable, safe, and advantageous to be his son-in-law than his enemy.

I have no news of importance. The enemy still keeps within his camp, which is judged to be impregnable. Every day our hussars bring in prisoners and booty. That brave and enterprising corps are incessantly in action. Our regiment has done nothing yet ; will you not join us soon ? all your friends impatiently expect you. I hope that your health is re-established, and that you will adopt the sincere counsels of a friend, who loves you as himself.

GEORGE KRONENGOLD.

L E T-

L E T T E R LVIII.

CAPTAIN REUMAR

TO

CAPTAIN KRONENGOLD.

YOU have reason, dear Kronengold, you have reason for your reproaches,—but the atonement is made,—your arguments have had their wonted effect. I had scarcely dispatched my letter, when the momentary intoxication of passion dissipated; I grew heartily ashamed of my project, and enjoined that rascal Schrubbers, on pain of immediate dismissal, never again to mention it. You think nobly, Kronengold, and my highest am-

E 4 bition

bition shall from henceforth be to mould my conduct by your advice and example. I should gladly adopt the measure recommended in the latter part of your letter, but I am absolutely compelled to relinquish the idea;—Henrietta cannot be mine, she is pre-engaged, her hand is promised, her father has approved her choice.

I have now no wish but that of rejoining my friends; this languishing and idle life ill agrees with my natural ardour. Adieu! best and wisest of my friends!

FREDERIC REUMAR.

L E T.

L E T T E R LIX.

CAPTAIN REUMAR

TO

EDWARD DOLLMAN, ESQ.

SO you are at N—, just four leagues from hence;—my valet, who arrived here this morning, could not have brought me more agreeable intelligence.

I am still a convalescent, slowly recovering from a severe and tedious indisposition. I should have actually died here, through chagrin, if my good fortune had not sent me a charming resource; the most beautiful girl, Dollman! superior

E 5

to

to all her sex;—she has led me such a dance, that I actually wonder at myself in being baffled by so young a novice; for the little fool made a shew of resistance, that actually deceived me, and gave me no small trouble, but I have made successful application of my skill in drawing from her grimaces their proper inference. She is the daughter of an officer of hussars, and resides here with her mother, a severe and vigilant matron.

It is now, my dear Dollman, in your power to render me one of those services which can never be forgotten, and which I shall ever acknowledge to the utmost of my power.

The

The project in contemplation is this,—the girl wishes to be carried off. Her father would marry her to a big blockhead of a peasant, who is very rich, and for whom she has conceived the most hearty detestation. Assist me in this enterprise, which, under your conduct, cannot fail of success. I have dispatched Schrubbers to you, he has much experience and address, and will suggest a variety of plans for carrying our design into execution, but of which it remains with your superior prudence and judgment to ascertain that which is most eligible.

Yours, &c.

REUMAR.

E 6

LET-

L E T T E R LX.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

STILL vehement against the Captain! but you are right, and I wish he was where the cinnamon grows, were it only for depriving us of your company. Let us, however, console ourselves with the reflexion, that he will not remain much longer here.

IN CONTINUATION.

YES! I hate, detest him, as much as you can possibly do. The insolent! he has just made me a declaration of his passion, but in terms so romantic and ridiculous,—
nothing

nothing can be imagined more extravagant. Why must I be tormented by this man? I know not how I found courage to answer him as he deserved, and as, from his seeming embarrassment, he certainly did not expect. I left him quite disconcerted ;—he would have asked pardon, but I would hear nothing, and ran to rejoin my mother.

I am determined that he shall have no opportunity of repeating his offence, therefore be tranquil, dear Werner, in the fullest assurance of the love of

HENRIETTA WOLKMAR.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXI.

WERNER TO HENRIETTA.

TRANQUIL ! Henrietta ! then must I indeed be totally devoid of sentiment : tranquil ! and can you be tranquil whilst under the same roof with such a wretch ?

I cannot think of going to the parsonage whilst that savage continues there. What does he do there ? exhibit himself, act by turns the sluggard and the boaster, provoke women, and sneer at those who are better than himself, whilst his brother officers and soldiers fight ; is this to be a Prussian officer ? A fine Captain indeed !

There is not a man in Wolkmar's squadron who would not blush at such conduct.

What a misfortune it is to be weak ! Weak ! and am I so ? If he would box with me, I would undertake to send him to the other world ; I would, at least, prevent him from doing any further mischief in this. But I am not a match for him in the use of that long piece of iron that dangles at his side ; he is bred to that as our mowers to their scythes, and is as expert at its use.

And he has dared to make you a positive declaration ! Had I been there ! Keep your closet, Henrietta, suffer him not to see or speak to you, at least alone. I had foreseen
all

all this, I read his intentions in his eyes. Every circumstance afforded me reason to suspect him.

Love me always, Henrietta, and suffer not his flatteries to win you. He has certainly criminal views.

WERNER.

LET-

L E T T E R LXII.

DOLLMAN TO REUMAR.

YOUR valet's stay with me was short ; this precaution you will think well-judged, as it will prevent any suspicion of our design.

I have laughed heartily at the description of your household ; a devil, an angel, and a priest ! The devil fly away with the angel, and the priest flourish his cross after them.

You will perceive from this, that no scruples influence me when your occasions require my service. We have fixed on our plan ; it is such as must infallibly succeed. That Schrubbers has certainly a legion of
devils

devils in his head ! he is an admirable rogue ! But whither shall we convey your princess ? I wish the place of congress was near my quarters, that I might see what a charming *duetto* of harmony your union would produce ; — I shall allow *you* but three days, — not a second longer.

One word more ; as the devil would have it, I fell amongst some officers of infantry ; we played hellish deep, and they have emptied my purse.

Can you accommodate me with sixty or seventy ducats, for present occasions ? I shall reimburse you in two months ; if you can, send them by your page, with your final arrangements of the business in hand.

Yours, &c.

EDWARD DOLLMAN.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXIII.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

IF you were not so passionate and violent, I would relate to you the particulars of a scene which passed here yesterday, and in which your good friend Captain Reumar bore a part; but to one of your combustible character, such a communication would be as a spark in a barrel of gun-powder. After all, what a singular humour is yours! you rail, swear, murmur most charmingly, but, poor little man! you establish nothing, you discharge your anger on the innocent paper, you give your Henrietta pain; but all this
effects

effects no change on the mind or manners of the accomplished and amiable—Captain Reumar; I am therefore determined, from henceforth, to forbear saying any thing of him that may heat you.

And yet I shall not be so cruelly reserved as to conceal from you that he talks of his departure. I believe he is ashamed at having so long absented himself from his regiment. Not a day passes but his valet or his equerry go to N—; what business have they there? I know not, nor is it of any import to us to know.

I shall be happy in announcing the departure of this military man of mode, then will you fly to the arms of your Henrietta; your letters shall no longer console her for
your

your absence ; but, by the way, I would have you less impassioned, and more correct in your expressions. Your late letters abound with terms extremely unpolished, not to say gross ; it is easy to perceive that you are already tinctured by the company of your military guests ; — if Mr. Ulrich knew this !

HENRIETTA WOLKMAR.

L E T -

L E T T E R LXIV.

CAPTAIN REUMAR

T O

EDWARD DOLLMAN, ESQ.

NOW, my friend! in a few words, for our arrangements. Consider well one essential point,—that not the most distant shade of suspicion light upon me; keep this precaution invariably in view. Let this, my vigilant and sagacious Palinurus, be your polar star by which to steer through the ocean of intrigue on which we are about to embark. The enterprize is certainly a bold one, but, the girl is so beautiful, that she well deserves we should hazard somewhat for the possession of her.

From

From henceforth I assume a different character at the parsonage ; —from ardour and entreaty, I pass to coldness and indifference.

The old type of Cervantes' Duenna, and the other Argus who watch over this Hesperian Pippin, imagine that I no longer think of Henrietta. To-morrow I shall send Schrubbers to you, he shall remain in your house till the execution of the project takes place. I shall account for his departure by saying, that he is gone to camp to put my equipage in order before my arrival there.

Henrietta often goes to visit her *betrotthed* at K * * ; this favourite is, as I have already said, a young clown, who has nothing to recommend

mend him but his Herculean size and great riches ; two primary objects, you will say, in a lady's *eye* ; —well, this fine girl is destined to be sacrificed to this rustic Pan. The old curate and his chaste spouse usually accompany my charmer in her excursions to K * *, the distance to which is about two leagues ; they must pass a very long and thick wood ; you will perceive that a wood is not unfavourable to our enterprize.

From to-morrow hold yourself in readiness to open the campaign.

I shall send you my page, whom you will dispatch back to me when the business is accomplished.—Schrubbers will conduct you to that part of the wood where you are to take your position ; the
Paphian

Paphian caravan will pass a little before sunset.

GENERAL ORDERS.

AS soon as the carriage arrives near your post, draw your sabre, and, with pistol presented, and a menacing air, stop them;—Schrubbers shall seize Henrietta, and with the assistance of your valet, place her on horseback, then off with loosened rein.—It will not be amiss if, during the action, you pronounce some barbarous words, something between the Schlavonian and Calmuck, and which will make them think you the devil himself, and keep them all in a panic. Our lovely Silesian, for the edification of the company, and to save appearances, will give a few plaintive cries;—perhaps struggle a little,

but that will be only mere ceremony.

At N * * you will go into the carriage which Schrubbers will have previously ready; you will then drive, with all possible speed, to S * * * ; the inn-keeper is apprised of the affair, and will order matters for your reception. When I consider these various arrangements, so well concerted, and so sure of success, I am tempted to exult with Agathocles, “ Courage! the gods “ favour the wicked!”—But certain it is, my own views apart, it is a commendable work to rescue a fine girl from the rude embraces of a barbarous peasant; hands that lead the plough, and trail the rake, to embrace such a model of perfection! ’tis profanation!

If this affair goes well, as I doubt not but it will, my people return to me petrified with grief, surprise and horror, and in tears relate the afflicting news. It is then that I must act.—O for the powers of a Roscius, a Barry, and a Garrick! astonishment, affliction, desperation;—I snatch my sword and pistols, call my servants, and prepare to issue forth,—“ Who is the
 “ villain!—the traitor!—He dies
 “ by my hand!—Brave and worthy
 “ Wolkmar! what will be your
 “ grief! Madam, be calm! I shall
 “ follow the track of the ravisher!
 “ My horse, instantly! I shall pursue him, tho’ he take the rout
 “ to hell! Unhappy excursion!
 “ But let us not weep like children! Let us act!”—Thus ends the prelude to our play, I mount

my horse, and you delay not to meet me.

I depart, dear companion in adventure; I return some time after, penfive, sad, fatigued; no news; they have seen nor heard nothing of her in the neighbouring villages; our jaded horses, and our own weariness, will be very convenient attestations of my veracity. I make new lamentations on being obliged to take my final departure, and next day set out for the regiment;—promising the desolated family to occupy my time and thoughts on the recovery of their dear child; I shall acquit myself but ill, if I do not receive their general thanks for my zeal. I then go to join my dear Henrietta,—leave the rest of the business to me.

Schrub-

Schrubbers will deliver you sixty ducats. Take care not to be taken in again by the infantry : once more, I say, hold yourself in readiness at a moment's warning, the service will insure you my eternal acknowledgments.

FREDERICK REUMAR.

F 3

LET

L E T T E R LXV.

WERNER TO HENRIETTA.

YES! I am violent, impetuous,—but can I change my character? I have cares, inquietudes,—but I have cause for them; when your cursed Captain is gone, I shall be mild as a lamb; I am not jealous,—yet am not tranquil; it is a degree of the most blameable stupidity not to mistrust the bad, they do all the ill they can do, they are the devil;—but do not suppose I speak of his satanic majesty in his proper person, although you have reason, I mean a being terrible, execrable, who takes his station near young women, assumes all sorts of forms, and sometimes

times enters houses in the form of a Captain.

I am impatient for the setting in of winter, as it will bring your dear father to us; you will then become my wife, and I shall be content:—again I assure you, that I am not jealous; but for him who would come into my garden, and pluck the fruit from my best cherry-tree, I would, with the greatest alacrity, break his bones.

Hubert is not arrived; why do you not come to see me? I have a thousand things to say to you, all of them interesting. Press then Mrs. Ulrich and your mother to make this little journey.

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T T E R LXVI.

NICHOLAS SCHRUBBERS

T O

CAPTAIN REUMAR.

OUR dispositions are made, Sir, nothing remains but to execute ;— a failure is impossible.

Mr. Dollman only waits for the word of command from you. I have given his valet six ducats, and have promised to make it ten, if the affair succeeds. The postillion has manifested his good conscience in exacting more money from me ; I have had some difficulty in obviating his scruples, which however
I at

I at length effected by——*pistole*
logic.

Let not your page, Sir, know
any thing of our design. I have
founded him, but find he is a fel-
low who piques himself on delica-
cy and sentiment; he is capable of
betraying us, or at least of spoiling
our plan.

NICHOLAS SCHRUBBERS.

F 5 L E T.

L E T T E R LXVII.

CAPTAIN REUMAR

T O

EDWARD DOLLMAN, ESQ.

TO horse, my dear 'Squire ! but not to face the Austrians ! a gentler foe and booty without any effusion of blood. You are not to expect much resistance, neither is there much honour to gain, but pleasure surpasses honour.

To-morrow, positively, my lovely Henrietta, her mother, and the Duenna, go to see the spouse *that is to be*, the clumsy peasant. They set out after dinner ; I have announced

nounced my departure as for the ensuing morning.

I have witnessed your firmness and precision on the day of battle, I have admired your courage and coolness, but the acts of to-morrow must out-do your former out-doings.

FREDERICK REUMAR.

F 6

LET.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

CAPTAIN KRONENGOLD

T O

CAPTAIN REUMAR.

IFELICITATE you, dear Reumar, that you have again entered on a career of honour, from which I am persuaded nature has not formed you to deviate, however you may be led by the temporary impulse of inordinate and guilty pleasure, which inevitably terminates, if not in despair and ruin, at least in regret and shame. I have too frequently lamented that the force of ill example, and the flattering allurements of seductive vice, had occasionally too great an ascendancy over you, and
 tempted

tempted you too easily to desert the path of rectitude ; false friends, attached to your money more than to your person, administer to your passions : yes, my Reumar ! those false friends have laboured, but I trust unsuccessfully, to make you hate him who is sincerely yours, whose only wish is to secure your peace of mind, and to preserve your honour unsullied. I have been, my Reumar, the prey of those unprincipled men, from whose snares your virtuous resolution has happily disentangled you ; led by them into every species of licentious dissipation, themselves the agents and the witnesses of my weakness and folly ; I endeavoured to regain that place which I was conscious of necessarily losing in their esteem, by misapplied and expensive liberality. Let us

consider ourselves happy, my friend ! that we have withdrawn from the pursuits of vice and immorality, before reputation, virtue, — perhaps life, had been lost in the destructive vortex.

Honour calls you ! We have done nothing hitherto, but we are in daily expectation of a general action, and you will despair in not being a partaker with us of victory and glory. Your regiment,—your friends,—desire your return, come for glory and for honour, come ;—merit the approbation of your prince,—languish not in disgraceful idleness, which leaves no trace of time. Escape from the weakness of your own heart, if its malady be not yet cured by the toils of war, and the nobler occupation of camps. Diana is represented as
a habi-

a habitant of the forest, engaged in the chace, and the enemy of love. If the poets have described Mars as the lover of Venus, it is because the god removed from war, deserts that nobler occupation of which he is the tutelary deity, suffering the soft fascination of beauty to subdue him, and the delicious but dangerous poison to glide into his veins. Consider then, Reumar, this inglorious ease, and effeminate trifling, how unbecoming your present situation, unbecoming you whose youth was cultivated and embellished by the study of the poets and historians. Return, I conjure you; suffer us no longer to expect you. The day that I embrace an honest and virtuous friend, is the happiest of my life.

KRONENGOLD.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXIX.

NICHOLAS SCHRUBBERS

T O

CAPTAIN REUMAR.

ALL is ready, Sir, and as well concerted as you can possibly desire; the 'Squire will be at all points a complete Austrian huffar, and I have procured suitable disguises for his servant and myself; matters are so arranged, that no suspicion can possibly fall upon you.

Be assured, Sir, you have nothing to apprehend from the 'Squire; it is to be sure a very natural supposition, that he would wish to act the
anti-

anticipator on this occasion, and be selfish enough to help himself before his friend, if the dice had not more charms for him than all the beauties in the world; besides, I shall keep a watchful eye over him, and not suffer him to be a moment alone with his prize. As the place destined for the reception of the lady is upwards of four leagues distant, and that her charms may receive as little diminution as possible from the agitation and fatigue of the expedition, I shall take care to have some refreshments in the carriage.

NICHOLAS SCHRUBBERS.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXX.

F E R D I N A N D B R O W E R

T O

C A P T A I N R E U M A R.

YOU are no longer the man you were, Reumar ! whence this strange metamorphosis ? We fight, cut down, lop off heads, swim in blood, and return victorious, covered with wounds, and loaded with laurels and with captives ;—whilst you— are absent ! Perhaps some softer combats engage you, what species of enemy are you in pursuit of ?

I write this at Kronengold's desire, who, in consequence of a dis-
after

after of which I shall speak below, is unable to write. This brave man loves you most sincerely ; he is apprehensive that a longer absence will be detrimental you. Our regiment has performed prodigies of valour in the late action ; we were at one time on the point of being routed, the forage which we had in charge was already in possession of the enemy, the opportune arrival of a reinforcement gave us the victory.

Kronengold has acquired much honour on this occasion, but his right arm has been shattered by a ball. Your brave company is almost entirely cut off, it performed wonders, we are principally indebted to it for the advantages of the day,—constantly in the hottest fire,—its ranks close and well ordered

ed to the last, and the boldest countenance preserved.—The survivors are impatient for their Captain, you cannot delay, the company must recruit immediately, unless peradventure you would rather be without a company.

Yours,

FERDINAND BROWER.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXI.

JOSEPH WERNER

T O T H E

REVEREND ERASMUS ULRICH.

GREAT God! Mr. Curate,
what a misfortune! an universal
tremour seizes me,—the pen drops
from my hand——

Yet if this dire event admits of
consolation, it is that your wife,
and the mother of Henrietta are in
safety, but that dear girl
she is far distant, is carried off
. . . . my son has pursued the ra-
vishers, — he is desperate, — may
heaven avert further misfortune.

By

By what we can learn from the recital of Mrs. Ulrich, three men, one of whom was habited as a hussar, way-laid and attacked them in the wood; they forced your young lady from the carriage, from the arms of Mrs. Wolkmar, who had fainted. Mrs. Ulrich, in endeavouring to assist her dear child, received a contusion on the breast—as our valet, for attempting to give the alarm, a deep wound in his head by the stroke of a sabre. Henrietta has been carried off by one of these ruffians, who was on horseback, and who, as I observed before, was habited as a hussar.

Whither have they dragged this unfortunate young lady? Whither has my dear Charles gone? I have sent my servant in quest of him,
but

but alas, I have no hope that he will overtake him.

When the ladies are a little recovered from the effects of this disaster, they will return to the parsonage,—a desolated mansion it must now be to them !

JOSEPH WERNER.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXII.

E R A S M U S U L R I C H

T O

T H E S Y N D I C W E R N E R.

WHAT a heavy affliction ! my dear child lost ! Satan himself would have felt compunction in injuring that innocence ; I cannot form any idea, any conjecture upon this deplorable and unexpected event ; as one supposition arises, it is suppressed by another Who can the ravishers be ? One of them was a husband, this circumstance is striking, but alas ! our dear child is no longer with us ! O, my God ! take pity on her ! on her wretched mother !

on

on her brave and virtuous father !
—on me ! for am I not also her
father !

Captain Reumar read your letter,
it had fallen from my hands, — the
perusal of it excited the most vio-
lent effusion of grief and rage, in
which he denounced the severest
vengeance against the ravishers, and
uttered the most frightful oaths and
imprecations.

* * *

Captain Reumar has suddenly de-
parted ; he has declared he will
traverse the country, and send par-
ties different ways, if possible to in-
tercept the ravishers.

* * *

I trust that your son, or his va-
let, has ere now found Henrietta,
—'tis the more probable as they

have taken separate routs ;—alas !
if they do not succeed, my grey
head must descend loaded with sorrow
to the tomb ! O, my God, I
resign me to this blow,—resign me
to thy will whatever it be, but in
thy goodness, still apportion the trial
to my powers !

Send back, I entreat you, her unhappy
mother, and my poor wife.
Great God ! what will become of
us !

ERASMUS ULRICH.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXIII:

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

HAVE you learnt nothing?—
 Have you yet received no account
 from your son? Good God! what
 a scene of distress is at this moment
 before my eyes! My house, so late
 the abode of joy and happiness, re-
 sounds with plaints and groans; it
 is truly the house of mourning.
 The painful task is mine to give
 consolation to afflicted parents, de-
 prived, by the rude hand of ruffian
 violence, of a daughter unexcelled
 in virtue and in beauty: how shall
 I communicate the fatal tidings?
 how administer that consolation of

which I stand in equal need ? Ah !
 my dear Henrietta ! had I beheld
 thee torn from us by a premature
 death, tho' in the bloom of youth
 and innocence, I should indeed have
 mourned, but I could have said,
 " Thou art unstained ! my dear
 " Henrietta ! thy pure and innocent
 " soul was formed for celestial hap-
 " piness ; thou hast gone before me,
 " nor shall I long survive thee !"
 Alas ! where art thou, my daugh-
 ter ! my dear child ! victim of vice
 and brutality . . . barbarous men !
 respecting not thy chaste attractions,
 pure as the rose which opens to the
 sweet breathings of the morn. Per-
 haps the voice of virtue has had pow-
 er to repress licentiousness — and
 thou art safe, thy honour unvio-
 lated, — but alas ! — I fear, — self
 abused, — self deceived — I in vain
 flatter

flatter myself with the fallacious hope.—I see too well the full extent of our misfortunes, and when I reflect on the horrible situation of this angelic being, I suffer all that a human heart can suffer.

* * *

Captain Reumar has returned; after an unsuccessful pursuit, he has not been able to discover the least trace of Henrietta; he shares in our affliction: I could not have believed him capable of so great sensibility; his valet, whom he had dispatched by another rout, is not yet returned.

* * *

All the village is in motion, several peasants have gone in pursuit. Ah! if they succeed in recovering my child! Why am I not yet young!

G 3

I should

I should set them an example! I would pursue to the extremities of the earth the infamous ravisher; but alas! what can an infirm old man do, whose trembling steps totter on the brink of the grave, and who will soon repose in the peaceful tomb, in that mansion, “where the weary
 “are at rest, and where the wicked
 “cease from troubling.”—I perceive, my friend, too painfully perceive, that I cannot survive this loss!

ERASMUS ULRICH.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXIV.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

OUR people are all returned,—unsuccessful, absolutely unsuccessful! What unhappiness! I cannot find expressions to alleviate the sorrows of her mother; in the transports of her grief, she wishes to go in search of her daughter, forgetful of her age, her sex, her weakness; she is sensible only to the horrible danger of her child; she requires me, without delay, to announce to her husband the sad event: this I still defer in the hope of her happy return;—but I reckon on a miracle; it is the most cruel aggravation of

G 4

my

my pains to have even no illusion to rest on ; I should be less unhappy could I encourage any hope, however fallacious. O my God ! I dare not, must not doubt thy providence ; you have means to snatch the victim from her guilty ravishers : O thou ! the protector, as the exemplar of virtue, shield with thy invisible aid the innocence of our dear Henrietta !

My dear friend, I cannot weep ! —my eyes are dry and dim,—a cloud of grief, like a thick veil, hangs over and obscures my sight. Perhaps I shall no more see my Henrietta ! If my enfeebled arms could clasp her ! if I could repose my head on her bosom !—yet pure !—if I could hear her say, “ Father ! your beloved “ daughter is yet inviolate !” then would I die ! yes ! great God ! I would

would die in peace, and my latest breath be spent in thanksgiving. I should consider myself as too happy to abandon, at such a price, the poor residue of an unhappy life !

The Captain is gone, and has promised to leave no means untried, which may lead to a discovery of the ravishers of Henrietta : we have not yet lost all hope !

ERASMUS ULRICH.

G 5

LET-

L E T T E R LXXV.

WERNER TO HIS FATHER.

I AM now, my dear Sir, twenty leagues distant from you: my search has hitherto been fruitless: I am utterly at a loss by what rout to pursue the ruffians. Incomparable girl! inestimable friend! lost! Better surely behold thee dead, than thus in the possession, and devoted to the will of the most abandoned miscreants! And is it Werner that must support this horrible idea? I cannot comprehend how I have yet preserved my reason, but fatuity or madness must seize me, if I recover not Henrietta!

May

May I perish if the ravisher be not Reumar! every circumstance confirms the supposition;—constantly near my amiable friend,—his passion avowed,—flattering himself with the hope of seducing her;—in vain;—this detestable wretch, accustomed to contemn whatever is good, whatever is virtuous, formed the project of carrying her off. Alas! that Henrietta,—that I,—did not sufficiently credit the various intimations which we received of his wicked intentions. The more I reflect, the more I am persuaded of the criminality of Reumar.

My horse having foundered, I have bought another, and to-morrow shall proceed,—but whither? chance decide.—May God grant that I take the track of the ravisher! If

I have not the good fortune of coming up with him, and rescuing the innocent victim of his outrage, my intention is to go to the camp, and confer with Major Wolkmar upon this unhappy affair.

I shall write to you, my dear father, as often as my present desultory state will admit of. Be composed; console the unhappy mother of Henrietta; tell her, that there is in pursuit of her daughter, a man who will unceasingly prosecute his object. Who will not desist till he has recovered her, avenge her wrongs by the blood of the ravisher, who will restore her alive and inviolate, or perish.

CHARLES WERNER,

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXVI.

REUMAR TO DOLLMAN.

'TIS death, Dollman! death and damnation! all had went so well, I had reckoned on certain success, —but find myself as far from the completion of my wishes as before Henrietta had been carried off.

You conceive not yet how it is, but here lies the gordian knot of the affair;—you had been given to understand, that Henrietta heartily acquiesced in the plan I had formed of carrying her off from her intended bumpkin of a husband; this representation of the matter, was calculated

culated to spare you the trouble of making objections, and myself that of obviating them; moreover, I apprehended that a more candid statement might have relaxed your ardour on the occasion, without diminishing either my passion or my determined resolution to gratify it. The truth of the matter is, she hates, detests me to as great a degree as she loves my rival; but it shall go hard if my perseverance does not keep pace with her aversion. I will immure her between walls, before she shall return unenjoyed by me, to the arms of the rascally peasant whom a vitiated taste has led her to prefer to me!

Most seriously I know not what to do; it is a tyger that tears all who approach it. Caresses, promises,

mises, flatteries, which last the poets say have power to soften rocks, or hearts formed of stuff as impenetrable as rocks ;—but in this instance, the very candid confession of WALLER, “ That poets succeed best in fiction,” is confirmed with a vengeance ! With desires inflamed by resistance, I attempted to seize her,—she resisted like a lioness,—exerted the most astonishing force ; the prowess of Catalina, so celebrated by Cervantes in defence of her leathern purse of rials, was acquiescence itself, compared to the vigour with which my fair antagonist defended *her* treasure. Her fingers, erst so delicate, seemed converted into the claws of griffins ;—the mild and sweet radiance of her eyes to the death-diffusing glances of the basilisk. I found myself

myself in a few minutes covered with *mementos* of her rage, and her nails, as long and as sharp as those of a Chinese Mandarin, imprinted in five places on my face, are feeling and too visible attestations of her prowess and repugnance.

Ashamed and enraged at being thus repulsed by a child, I called Schrubbers, (accept, Dollman, the confession, as a sign of grace, that I blush in avowing this circumstance) would you think it, Dollman? her prayers, her tears, inspired this animal with such qualms that he at first refused to assist me; —but when urged by my commands, invectives and oaths, he advanced towards her, and attempted to secure her in his iron gripe; she almost broke his finger by a
most

most vehement bite, which obliged him to slacken his embrace, and the wag will feel, for some time, this memorial of her regard and of the excellence of her grinders; but this was not all, our filly, in her plunges and curvets, gave him a kick, (whether through chance or design, I shall not pretend to determine) which took place exactly in that part on which the pious ORIGEN chose to exercise a certain devotional vow of prevention; or where the *virtuosi* of Italy operate on youth, for the purpose of qualifying them for *double gamut*, *sharp* and *flat*.

She refuses all sustenance, is pale as death, and is wasted prodigiously. I dare not keep her longer here, we are too near her late residence,
and

and she may some how or other effect her escape. I almost wish I had not undertaken this business. But who would have thought the little devil had proved so perverse?

I shall follow Schrubbers's advice, and to-morrow proceed with her towards Upper Silesia, where I shall leave her in a proper place of security. For my part, I am under an immediate necessity of joining the regiment; a longer absence might prove, in a professional way, very detrimental; besides, if any suspicions arise of me respecting Henrietta, my absence from camp would tend to corroborate them.

Accept, dear Dollman, the inclosed paper: however unequal its value to the obligations under which
you

you have laid me, it yet may serve as a slight proof of my gratitude. Keep your valet's mouth close as wax; the least indiscretion might draw us into embarrassments. Adieu, my friend. Expect to hear from me soon.

FRED. REUMAR.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXVII.

ERASMUS ULRICH

T O

THE SYNDIC WERNER.

PURSUANT to your advice, Sir, I yesterday wrote to Major Wolkmar. I have fully informed him of the late disastrous event, and our suspicions of Captain Reumar. How much I commiserate this unhappy father ! He found an amiable and beautiful daughter, but to lose her a second time in a manner the most dreadful ! Well may we exclaim with the Latin poet, “ so found is worse than lost ! ”

I had

I had conceived for your worthy son the affection of a tender father, and his misfortune, for he perhaps should be considered the most unfortunate of us all, excites my most lively sympathy. This virtuous, and once happy pair, love with the purity of angels. What! and is earliest youth thus prematurely to experience the approach of those calamities inseparable from humanity! I saw and encouraged the dawning of their innocent loves; I imaged to myself the beauty of an opening flower; I had formed for myself a little system of felicity in contemplating its progress to maturity! Attentive to every movement of their hearts, I never surprised one at which they had cause to blush; and I anticipated, with all the transport of youth, the day which should witness

witness the blissful union, the virtuous fruition of love and innocence. O my God! what a deplorable change! but I resign! I murmur not!—Yes! eternal Providence! thou wilt pardon the emotions, the tears of a father! of a father who finds himself suddenly bereft of the support on which his age rested!—who sees a virtuous pair, their relatives, their friends, involved in one common misfortune,—consigned to one common misery!

I shall send you the Major's answer to my letter. You will, on your part, communicate to me those of your son, but give the messenger orders to deliver them but to me. This precaution is necessary, as the sudden and unqualified tidings of that sad result we have reason to expect,

expect, might prove immediately fatal to Mrs. Wolkmar. With me, my dear Werner, you will have, from henceforth, little indeed to do; whatever the event may be, happy or unhappy,—the blow is given! and the dissolution of your friend is not far distant!

ERASMUS ULRICH.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

WERNER TO HIS FATHER.

AT length, my dear Sir, after a thousand fruitless enquiries, fatigues and vexations, a gleam of hope appears;—I am on the track of the ravisher. From an Austrian deserter whom I met near the frontiers of Upper Silesia, I learned that a carriage, in which were two men and a lady, had passed him on the road; from the speed with which it drove, and the lady's face being covered with a handkerchief, his description of their persons cannot be exact; I am, notwithstanding, convinced that they can be no other than Captain Reumar, his

vile associate Schrubbers, and my dear, unhappy, lost Henrietta.

I shall, as soon as possible, pursue them ;—though they have advanced so far upon me, that I can scarcely expect to overtake them ; my previous fatigues have weakened me much, and my horse has foundered, nor can I replace him before to-morrow.

They lodged the last night but one in the inn where I now am. I have passed two sleepless nights on the very bed in which my poor Henrietta lay. How often did my weak and faltering voice repeat her name ! Yes ! dear, lamented girl ! agonizing fancy presented thy beloved form to my view ! I see thee bathed in tears ! hear thy

VOL. II. H groans !

groans ! hear thee call upon Werner,—implore him to rescue thee from the ravisher in a tone so plaintive and touching, as penetrated my soul ! Reumar appears,—I snatch my sword, I rush forward to plunge it in his bosom,—my delirium subsides;—I fall on my knees in prayer to Him whom I have been taught to revere as the protector of innocence, the avenger of the oppressed;—I resign myself to his decrees, commit to him my cause, the cause of Henrietta ! the cause of suffering virtue ! My soul is calmed, the deep and painful sense of woe remits its poignancy.

Henrietta arrived here extremely indisposed,—departed still more so ! I will not, cannot communicate to you, my dear father, the infamous

mous conjectures I have been obliged to hear respecting my dear Henrietta. What martyrdom, thus to hear those we love and respect unjustly abused and defamed!

I am destined to perpetual misery if I recover not Henrietta. Yet, alas! if recovered,—my soul recoils from the idea! Henrietta debased! Henrietta violated! Grief and rage would suffocate me, but that tears relieve me.

What will become of her mother! of her father! of poor old Ulrich! This last has, I fear, already sunk beneath his griefs! May God support him and all of us under a misfortune,—I fear irremediable!

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

MAJOR WOLKMAR

TO THE

REV. ERASMUS ULRICH.

YOUR letter, fraught with the most afflicting tidings, hath renewed my sorrows, opened afresh those wounds which a short interval of happiness had healed!

Who is he that could thus so cruelly injure me? Who is he that could thus resolve to rend my heart?

My first transports were indescribable, — horror, indignation, profound sadness, — but the desire of vengeance predominated: — impelled by anguish and desperation, I
wished

wished to tear from his bosom the heart of the detestable monster, capable of harbouring so black a project.

But when the first emotions of surprise and grief had subsided,—I thought only of rescuing my daughter from the hands of the ravisher ; —I flew to the army, found the regiment of * * *, but no Captain Reumar. I went to the Colonel, who informed me, “ that the person I sought had been left sick on the rout, but was now on his way to the regiment.”—This brave man, perceiving my agitation, the anger that flashed from my eyes, the emotions of my wounded heart ;---asked me calmly, yet with an apparent solicitude and interest, “ What had induced a state of

H 3

“ mind

“ mind so unusual to me ? ” --- “ See
 “ there, Sir ! ” I exclaimed, “ read
 “ that letter ! and if you be a fa-
 “ ther, --- but it is enough for me,
 “ Sir, that you possess the noblest
 “ attribute of man, --- the invariable
 “ characteristic of the brave, --- hu-
 “ manity ; --- you will pity me, Sir ;
 “ you will assist me in apprehend-
 “ ing the author of my calamity,
 “ you will adjudge him exemplary
 “ punishment ! ” Having read the
 letter, after a long pause, the Co-
 lonel expressed himself as follows.
 “ It is highly improbable, Sir, that
 “ however subjected to the domi-
 “ nion of his passions Captain Reu-
 “ mar may be, he is capable of
 “ the crime alledged by the writer
 “ of this letter. The charge, Sir,
 “ is totally unsupported by proof.
 “ Bare conjecture, --- inferences
 “ from

“ from the general tenor of Mr.
 “ Reumar’s conduct, are inadmis-
 “ sible. Facts must be produced
 “ to establish an accusation which
 “ involves the honour, life, and
 “ fortune of a better officer. If
 “ your allegations prove unfound-
 “ ed, what must be your regrets?
 “ How will you answer to the re-
 “ proaches of your own heart?
 “ What adequate reparation make
 “ to Mr. Reumar for character
 “ rashly calumniated, for conduct
 “ falsely impeached? Precipitate
 “ nothing, Sir! I feel for your
 “ misfortune, and it is my first
 “ wish that the culpable be ascer-
 “ tained and punished. But to the
 “ turpitude of the offence, and to
 “ the rank of the person suspected,
 “ our measures must be prudently
 “ adapted. For the rest, Sir, rely

“ on my endeavours to discover the
 “ perpetrator or abettor of this
 “ outrage; till then suspend your
 “ judgment, and any declarations
 “ respecting the criminality of Mr.
 “ Reumar.” The Colonel’s advice
 and arguments prevailed. I have
 returned to my post, leaving one
 of my people at camp, who is im-
 mediately to apprise me of Captain
 Reumar’s arrival.

Why cannot I scour the country
 in search of my daughter! And,
 though I should not arrive in time
 to interpose between her and dis-
 honour, avenge her wrongs in the
 sacrifice of the accursed author of
 all our misfortunes! But these are
 the unavailing effusions of grief
 and despair! Attached to the du-
 ties of my profession, I am not at
 liberty

liberty to prosecute an object which exclusively involves my present and future peace of mind !

My unhappy Louisa ! again a desolated mother ! now more than ever to be commiserated ! finds in you a tender and sympathizing friend, a perpetual consolation. Alas ! ye have at least the melancholy satisfaction of weeping together, that alleviation of calamity which mutual sympathy affords. But I am solitary in my griefs ! my soul must endure the bitter revulsion of uncommunicated woe. My enanguished heart re-absorb those tears which the poignancy of its feelings prompt, but in vain ! to flow !

LEOPOLD WOLKMAR.

H 5

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXX.

DOLLMAN to SCHRUBBERS.

MA Y God confound your master and yourself ! I couple ye,—for never was the maxim, “ Like “ master, like man,” more infamously verified.

You have concurred in deceiving me ! I find myself involuntarily become a party in a most villainous piece of business. I was made to believe, that the young lady was the bastard of an officer of hussars ! That she wished to elope, because her parents were about to compel her to marry a peasant, whom she abhorred ! That she had conceived a
violent

violent affection for your accomplished and virtuous master ! What a tiffue of abominable lies !

And so, miserable keeper ! you have your remorsees too ! like a death-bed repentance, eh ? Well, better late than never. But where were those pious scruples previous to the commission of the business ? I pity the unfortunate girl. You are a brace of executioners. I would most heartily contribute towards your exaltation to gibbets as high as Haman's, were not my personal safety comprehended in this damnable affair.

If I find myself threatened with any embarrassing consequences, I shall smash your scull, and burn the wicked brain out of your rake-

H 6

hell

hell master's. You apply to me for advice! take it then! Restore the lady uninjured, unviolated, to her disconsolate friends;—or, if the alert Captain has rendered this an “*it cannot be*,” why then jointly and severally pistol yourselves;—this will be only anticipating the legal course of things,—and be a more soldierly mode of dissolution than hanging. Write to me directly, thorough-paced villain!

EDWARD DOLLMAN.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXXI.

LIEUT. COLONEL REBENFULT

T O

MAJOR WOLKMAR.

CAPTAIN Reumar, Sir, arrived here this morning. I have had a conference with him. So far as relates to his residence at * * *, and his illness there, his account is conformable to yours; but no part of his confession tends to corroborate your suspicions. I wish to believe Captain Reumar a man of honour, and to remain as long as possible in that persuasion.

My advice still is, not to advance any charge against Captain Reumar,
which

which you cannot establish by indubitable proof. In that case, rest assured, Sir, of my support.

REBENFULT.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

CAPTAIN REUMAR

T O

S C H R U B B E R S.

HOW go matters? Is the wench alive or dead? I now more fervently than ever pray for her catastrophe. Be vigilant as a cock. Circumspect as a fox. Desperate as a wolf. For your life beware of suffering any person to penetrate the secret. There goes your life,—there goes the scaffold. I will not dissemble with you.

The

The devil certainly interferes in this business! something is wrong. On my arrival at camp, I was presented, by old Rebenfult's orderly, with a mandate to attend him forthwith. The discourse of this *quondam* drill-serjeant was quite of the formal, sententious cut, and was evidently preconcerted. It consisted of a multitude of diabolical queries, pregnant, pointed and embarrassing; discharged in repeated vollies brisk and incessant as the platoon firings of his own battalion. It required all my retention to parry this sudden and unexpected attack. He has made no discovery. I am yet safe, but certain faucy apprehensions intrude. From the drift of Rebenfult's interrogatories, it is much to be feared that he has some knowledge

ledge of the late business, though he avoids being explicit on the subject. He must have received his information, if any he has received, from Wolkmar,—if so—there is no time to lose, my sabre must compel him to be discreet.

What answer from Dollman? What is his opinion? Send me his letter. Again, I say, above all things, be secret and circumspect;—'tis you who have brought me into this counfounded dilemma;—think by what means to extricate me.

FRED. REUMAR.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

THE REVEREND MR. ULRICH

TO

THE SYNDIC WERNER.

TO the God of righteousness be everlasting praise ! May he from whom every good emanates, eternal source of bliss ! continue to us his propitious guardianship ! He has witnessed our sorrows,—invigorated and supported us beneath them,—in his good time has extended his aid to distressed innocence, and dissipated the plots of the wicked. They who place their confidence in Him are never deceived !

I have communicated your son's letter to Mrs. Wolkmar ; — the
transition

transition from grief to joy was extreme, her tears flowed afresh. What a happy change ! but yesterday dejection and despair, Henrietta lost ! To-day, Henrietta restored ! Apprehensions arising from the precarious state of my dear child's health, alone moderate our joy. But the attentions of love possess a peculiar efficacy, and Charles Werner is the Physician of Henrietta !

ERAS. ULRICH.

L E T-

LETTER LXXXIV.

CHARLES WERNER

TO

HIS FATHER.

YOUR son is happy ! Henrietta again is mine ! undishonoured ! uninjured. Heaven has endued her with strength to resist the infamous oppressor ;—with constancy to support her sufferings. O, my God ! this is the most precious of thy benefits !

From the inn whence my last letter was written, I pursued my rout according to the conjectures I formed from the discourse of the peasants, still keeping the bye-roads, where I found from time to time some traces of their passage.

Arrived

Arrived at N * * *,—the clue was at once broken ;—I sought information in vain. Despair again succeeded to hope. To complete my wretchedness, a sudden and violent indisposition seized me. The natural effect of fatigue, vexation, —and a long privation of nourishment and repose. Those hours which should have been devoted to sleep, were occupied by painful inquietudes, and dismal imaginations. I was obliged to stop.

I was seated in a wretched inn, by the road side, sunk in grief, when Mr. Wolkmar's valet, and Trumman, one of his hussars, entered. I started from the gloomy reverie in which I was absorbed, and ran to embrace them. It was the first agreeable sensation I had felt

felt since my departure from home. Our pleasure was reciprocal. I forgot my illness. We consulted on what measures to take, and, the uncertainty being equal on all sides, resolved on going forward.

But when the temporary flush of joy, which the arrival of those faithful companions excited, had ceased, the sense of woe returned. My illness increased. The inn-keeper recommended to me a skilful apothecary in the neighbourhood; thither I went, accompanied by his son.

On entering, judge my astonishment, when the first object that presented was the detestable Schrubbers. I threw myself on him as a lion on his prey, felled him to the ground;

ground;—this was the work of a minute. “In the name of God!” said I, to those who would have interfered; “do not prevent me, this “is a monster charged with the “most atrocious crimes; if he escapes, you shall answer for it at “your peril!”

I sent for my two friends, who were with me in a minute, and well armed. We obliged the villain to conduct us to his habitation.

It was a miserable hovel, about a quarter of a mile off the road, in the midst of a wood, in a situation altogether the most hideous I had ever beheld, removed from the haunts of men, and every way adapted to the perpetration of wicked

wicked deeds. The bare recollection of it fills me with horror.

We ascended a crazy ladder at the frequent hazard of breaking our necks. My soul was now agitated with the most violent emotions. My heart throbbed with mingled hope and fear. The sun was set, and the shades of evening descending, heightened the gloomy horrors of the scene around us.

But, good God ! what were my feelings when the room, or rather the dungeon, of those ruffians was opened ! The faint glimmerings of a light placed against the wall, presented to our view the interior of this vile recess ; a wretched pallet, a table, and two chairs, composed its furniture ; and an old woman,

woman, the very transcript of Horace's Canidia, or Otway's beldam, sat beside the pallet, on which lay a female, in whom I, with difficulty, recognized the person of my dear Henrietta !

“ I have then recovered thee !” exclaimed I, and rushed forward to embrace her. She could only pronounce, in broken accents, these words : “ Is it my Charles !” and sunk into my arms.

Assistance was brought ; — her senses returned ; — but exhausted by a series of painful conflict, overpowered by the transition, sudden and un hoped-for, from the most imminent peril, misery and direliction ; to safety, happiness—to her relatives and friends,—totally over-

8

came

came her. Ah! Sir! conceive my sufferings, thus to behold her—languid, wan, extenuated, dejected,—unable to move,—or scarcely to speak so as to be understood!

During this scene, whilst we were all engaged in recovering Henrietta, Schrubbers, thinking the moment favourable to his escape, opened the window and leaped out. (He could not descend the ladder unobserved.) His fate was such as he merited, his thighs being broke and his scull fractured by the fall. His pain is inexpressible. He cannot live. What confessions he has made! What a life has his been! A life, of which I do not believe a day has passed unmarked by the commission of crimes!

Henrietta is attended by the apothecary already mentioned. He has generously refused accepting any reward for his attendance. My dear girl will, I hope, be soon re-established.

I am in hourly expectation of a letter from the Major, he will certainly take an exemplary vengeance on Reumar. O! that I could tear, cut, hew him in pieces! What details of their inhumanity I have heard! I shudder! Her virtue and resolution gave an edge to—heightened their barbarity and desperation.

Pray answer this letter immediately, and send me the purse of ducats you will find in my bureau.

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXXV.

CAPTAIN KRONENGOLD

T O

MAJOR WOLKMAR.

WHY has it happened that I should acquire, from a series of unhappy events, an acquaintance with Major Wolkmar? that desirable attainment which I have long sought from a sense of the honour and happiness inseparable from exalted virtue and extended reputation?

My knowledge of Captain Reumar has proved to have been very imperfect indeed! since I never supposed him capable of the atrocious crimes he has recently committed.

I 2

It

It is Captain Reumar, Sir, who has carried off your daughter, Miss Henrietta Wolkmar.

But heaven has anticipated your vengeance—the unhappy Reumar is no more!

His regiment had been detached; it was surprised by a body of Austrian cavalry. The action was sharp, but he repulsed the enemy. Captain Reumar was wounded in the onset, and fell, nor could he be brought off during the engagement. He was, with difficulty, found amidst a heap of wounded and dead.

He had received two wounds in the face from a sabre. His right arm had been nearly severed from
his

his body. A ball had traversed his stomach and lodged in the reins.

I attended him until his dissolution, and administered the last melancholy duties to departing friendship, a friendship I still supposed not unworthily placed. "I die," "Kronengold," said he; "the hour of retribution has arrived, hell opens at my feet!"—Groans suppressed his utterance.—I was seized with horror, as now he sunk into a deadly languor, his countenance livid, his eyes fixed and frightfully staring—and now writhing with pain, exhibiting a dreadfully awful spectacle of bodily agony and mental suffering.

He resumed, "Kronengold, I am overwhelmed with guilt!

I 3

"har-

“ harrowed by all its attendant re-
 “ morfes.—I cannot hope for par-
 “ don!—Ah! had I followed
 “ your counfel! I fhould not now
 “ die in all the horrors of con-
 “ fcious guilt,—in defpair! But I
 “ deceived not you—I fatally de-
 “ ceived myfelf—I forced away
 “ Mifs Wolkmar—I have not in-
 “ deed accomplished the meditated
 “ crime——and from that, my
 “ friend! from the failure of my
 “ infamous project, arifes the only
 “ reflection that calms my foul,—
 “ but a dangerous malady has feiz-
 “ ed her—I perhaps am her mur-
 “ derer!—Yet I loved her! love
 “ her ftill! The force of irrefifti-
 “ ble paffion impelled me to the
 “ outrage; I was rendered despe-
 “ rate, by the conviction that her
 “ affections were immoveably fixed
 on—

“ on——her vows plighted to a
 “ more favoured rival. Ah! I am
 “ sensible of a weight that drags
 “ me down,—I am precipitated to
 “ hell!”——He was now seized
 with the most violent transports of
 fury and desperation. His voice,
 before tremulous or inaudible, now
 rose to the most loud and vehement
 pitch. His countenance, wrung
 by convulsive spasms, became hide-
 ously distorted. He uttered the
 most terrible imprecations on him-
 self. Now, pulling off their dress-
 ings,—he tore open his wounds,
 and lay bathed in his own blood.
 Ah! Sir! what a sight for huma-
 nity! the impression will never be
 erased from my remembrance.——

Returning again to life—“ Hen-
 “ rietta is at * * * with my valet,

“ if yet alive; you may arrive in
 “ time to save her; she is unvio-
 “ lated;—restore her to her fa-
 “ ther——” He then expired.

I most sincerely sympathize with
 you in Miss Wolkmar's distresses;
 but she has preserved her honour,—
 and I hope her life.

Grant me, Sir, your friendship,
 that acquisition I shall consider as
 invaluable.

KRONENGOLD.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

WERNER TO HIS FATHER.

OUR dear and respected mother has arrived here in good health. Her presence had an immediate and most happy effect on her lovely daughter. Excepting a slight weakness, Henrietta enjoys her wonted health and spirits.

Monsters! I am not surprised that she was reduced to such extremity, so cruelly has she been treated. For some days preceding the fortunate discovery that led to her release, she had refused all kind of nourishment. Having perceiv-

ed the abominable Schrubbers mix something in a glass of wine, she resolved to endure the extremes of famine. The powers of life became at length almost exhausted; she fell into that lethargic state, the fatal prelude to approaching dissolution, in which we found her. O my dear father! a few hours later, and the remainder of my life I should have been condemned to deplore the loss of my adorable Henrietta!

I inclose you Major Wolkmar's letters; they contain an account of the tragical end of Captain Reumar. God has punished him! I pardon him! and may the divine Dispenser of retributive justice pardon him also! His wretched confederate did not long survive him. He suffered
the

the most prolonged and intense agony, to which the torments of a wretch upon the wheel were mercies. What a life! and what a death! Yet again, I pardon them. I have recovered my Henrietta! I cannot be near that angel and preserve any remembrance of injury, any sentiment of animosity.

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

MAJOR WOLKMAR

T O

CAPTAIN KRONENGOLD.

I FELICITATE myself, Sir, in your proffered friendship!

I owe you much obligation for the friendly interest you have taken for me and mine. Your recital of the death of Captain Reumar has more than effaced all sense of injury—more than softened my resentments!—I pardon him! May his sufferings expiate his crimes! May he obtain that PARDON, without which mine must be ineffective! Alas! Sir! that a man who
might

might have left behind him the most honourable remembrances, should have been guilty of actions that will affix on his name indelible infamy !

I daily receive the most pleasing accounts from my daughter ; she is re-established. The society of her mother, and of her future spouse, affords a sweet oblivion of her recent griefs.

I shall ever consider myself happy, Sir, in the possession of your esteem ; and you will infinitely oblige me in furnishing me with opportunities of demonstrating the sincerity with which I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LEOPOLD WOLKMAR.

L E T-

LETTER LXXXVIII.

MAJOR WOLKMAR

TO

CHARLES WERNER.

YOUR letter, my dear Werner, has restored me to life—to whatever can render life desirable;—its happiness,—its duration,—depended on the recovery of Henrietta!

I have in some particulars altered my intentions respecting your intended nuptials. I had flattered myself with the expectation that at the conclusion of the campaign, I should have returned to the parsonage, to have been present at the marriage of my dear children, to
have

have joined your hands, and, in the contemplation of your happiness, to have enjoyed myself happiness unallayed. But from the advanced state of the campaign, and the position of the armies, it is highly probable that we shall be retained in camp during the winter.

But your union with Henrietta must not be postponed merely because I am obliged to be absent from you. It is my desire, my dear Charles, that the ceremony take place forthwith, so shall you be delivered from the pain of present, and the apprehension of future separation. Be from henceforth her guardian, as you have been her preserver! I too, shall be more tranquil, when I see her in the house of her husband. The good Ulrich shall

shall complete the felicity of his daughter, by the sacred and indissoluble form which unites your loves. Henrietta has suffered a temporary privation of happiness; it will be renewed and confirmed by him, to whom she is indebted for more than parental benefits; him, —who in preserving her life; in rearing her from helpless infancy to full maturity; in forming her mind to virtue, and in cultivating it in every useful, embellishing it with every elegant knowledge, has acted as a secondary providence!

I have formed a design in which I hope for your father's concurrence, more especially as having attached an idea of the utmost importance to it: you are too near the theatre of the war, the frequent in-roads

roads of the enemy's advanced parties (some of whom may penetrate to your village) excite very disagreeable apprehensions. Some sinister event may again deprive me of my wife and daughter, and again expose them to the most frightful perils. No! no! my dear friend! we must not incur those hazards; the bare idea wounds my peace.

It is my wish that you go immediately to * * *, and that you take possession of my house and lands there. My friend Wisenaw, my second self, will receive you there; he has made every preparation for that purpose, and expects you with impatience.

It is the first wish of my soul that I could accompany you, but
circum-

circumstances dispose of my days. My King and Country require my services, and how eventful the occupation of war.

If you cannot prevail on your father to acquiesce in this plan, (so far as it concerns your departure from home) my wife and daughter shall proceed to * * *, and I shall, as soon as possible, go thither with you, to celebrate the nuptials. But I reckon with some confidence on your father's compliance with my wishes; I shall indeed consider it as the highest proof he can give me of his regard.

LEOPOLD WOLKMAR.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

MR. WERNER's disinclination to permit you to accompany us to * * *, affects me in the most lively manner;—you complain,—but am I less unhappy than you, if I must go without you? The idea is insupportable!

And yet my father's requisition is not unreasonable; we are, as it were, surrounded here by Austrians and Prussians, experience has taught us that it is not the enemy who alone should be the object of our apprehensions. I shudder at the thought

thought of those dangers I have escaped, but of which, while I continue here, I am exposed to the repetition.

But I entertain a better hope than you, that your father will not be inflexible. We shall press,—conjure him,—and sure our united tears and entreaties will not be unavailing! My father Ulrich too will plead for us, he will enforce our request with all his eloquence, he will successfully use that influence which the friendship of years has acquired him. He will prevail on your father to make the like sacrifice to the completion of our mutual felicity as himself has done. Excellent old man! With what interest he engages in our behalf! On these occasions the effusive tribute
of

of sensibility trickles down the furrows that time has worn in his aspect, alike expressive of the regrets excited by my intended departure, and of the fervour with which he seconds our cause with your father. If Mr. Werner possesses the least susceptibility of heart, he surely must yield to such an intercessor.

My dear adoptive parents rend my heart when they advert to my departure; they turn aside to conceal their emotions, and the tears that suffuse their eyes. Painful circumstance! thus to be separated from my much-loved friends and benefactors! What an alloy to my present felicity, and what an enjoyment to me, to continue to render to their declining age, those
fond

fond attentions with which they regarded my helpless infancy ! Delightful idea ! Charming project ! No ! I shall never renounce it ! It shall, if heaven permits, be speedily realized. Ah ! Werner ! if in parting them, I had not the consolation of being accompanied by thee, grief would shortly terminate the life of your

HENRIETTA.

LET-

L E T T E R X C.

WERNER TO HENRIETTA.

WHAT do I not owe you, dear and faithful friends ! your zeal has far surpassed my hopes. My father could not resist the united sollicitations of those who almost exclusively possess his regard and estimation. As for me, though principally interested in the event, my silence, and air of stupidity and dejection, had only served to confirm his non-compliance. It required the winning endearments, the caresses of Henrietta ; the entreaties of a tender mother ; the persuasive exhortations of the venerable Ulrich, to induce him to compliance. What

7 oblig-

obligation have they imposed on me! How unhappy should I have been without you! You would have gone alone,—unquiet,—anxious,—dejected; I should have remained here, forlorn, disconsolate, miserable. But we shall not be separated, we shall go together, we shall be constantly near each other! What a reflection for a lover! No human power shall henceforth part us, or dissolve those ties which unite our souls. And yet, my Henrietta! what will not the separation from my father cost me! To advert now to the feelings which absence from my paternal residence must inspire, may seem incompatible with that universal passion in which the ideas of a lover should be centered; and that at the happy moment when every obstacle
to

to his felicity is removed. But that species of attachment which springs from filial reverence, love, and duty, is consistent, is co-existent with that inexpressive passion, that pure and holy flame which consecrates the affections of my heart to Henrietta. The pangs of parting will be severe indeed. I shall be as a branch torn from its parent trunk. 'Tis Henrietta alone who can equal the place my father holds in my heart; 'tis Henrietta who alone can succeed to those immutable affections that bind me to him!

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T T E R XCI.

HENRIETTA TO WERNER.

INCLOSED are several letters from my father to Mr. Ulrich, to the wife of that virtuous man, to my mother, and to myself. In all of them you will perceive a similitude of sentiment; all, all, are alike precious to me, inestimable memorials of whatever is dear to me on earth. I value each of these letters more than the finest diamond. My father sends me his blessing, Charles, his precious paternal blessing! May I always deserve it! Heaven loves and prospers children who honour their parents.

Why cannot I shed on his bosom the tears of gratitude! Why cannot his only daughter bathe with those
tears,

tears,—press to her lips the hand of the best of fathers! Ah! if God vouchsafes to continue to us his protection, if a pacification restores my father to our wishes, we shall unite only to love him, and to render reciprocal that felicity he has conferred upon us. O my father! how much do I now require your wonted attentions? require your parental counsels in the irrevocable and solemn engagement I am about to form for life! But, auspicious circumstance! my choice, my vows, have been sanctioned by you, and the result must be happiness.

To-morrow I give my hand to Werner; from to-morrow will commence a new æra in the life of Henrietta; I anticipate it with mingled hope and fear,—anxious and indescribable feelings.—I know not why,

but I wish to defer our approaching nuptials; an involuntary impulse propels the tear—I tremble—how numerous—how important those duties I have to fulfil!—What a task do I impose on myself! But if I do my best, God will surely favour me with his aid, and confer on me his blessing.

HENRIETTA.

L E T T E R XCM.

THE REVEREND MR. ULRICH

T O

MAJOR WOLKMAR.

ALL the comfort of my old age,
—my dear Henrietta! is gone!
What were our griefs at parting!
Mrs. Ulrich's tears,—mine,—flowed
without restraint; our regrets
shall

shall not cease whilst life remains,
 —a life henceforth consigned to languor and sadness. Pardon, Sir, these effusions ! I am indeed apprehensive of being thought indiscreet, in thus making you the confidant of my griefs. Alas, Sir, I do not reproach you, convinced as I am that you have acted as a good and tender father,—but I am not the less painfully sensible that I have lost a dear and only child, given to me by the particular direction of a kind providence, and whom I had long considered as the solace and support of my helpless age. Ah ! Sir ! so long in the delightful habit of seeing and hearing our dear Henrietta, can we calmly and unfeelingly acquiesce in her abrupt departure ? Can we bid her farewell, perhaps for ever ! without the most poignant regret ? Those

cares which in her earlier years we devoted to Henrietta, that beloved child has abundantly repaid us ; with us her cares began, with us ended. She cheered us through the day, and in the evening, her prayers, the effective invocations of virtue and innocence, were addressed to heaven for us ; before she retired to rest, she pressed us to her bosom. What shall we do ? lonely, disconsolate, deprived of our dear child, the residue of our days must be a painful acceleration to the tomb ; and these few remaining days, condemned to regret and sorrow, deserve they the name of life ?

May the benediction of heaven, which I constantly invoke for this young couple, repose for ever on them ! May I continue to hear that they are happy, and that they preserve some remembrance of me !

IF

If that time which I most ardently wish for, should, whilst I yet live, arrive,—that time, when with your family, you will revisit my humble mansion; joy and satisfaction shall again be mine, the tears of pleasure will again flow,—I shall have nothing left to ask of heaven!

Henrietta often writes to us; our dear child has omitted nought that might alleviate the pain of separation; she ceases not to think of us. And you, generous man! forget us not! write to us from time to time, inform us that you are in good health, that you are happy, victorious, and above all, that you are our friend! May you long continue the happy, the respectable head of a virtuous family! Ever, as hitherto, exemplifying the sublime character expressed by the hallowed

lips of HIM who announced a REDEEMER to MANKIND *. For thou hast truly been “ a strength to the
 “ poor, a strength to the needy in
 “ his distress ; a refuge from the
 “ storm, a shadow from the heat.”

May God continue to you his blessings, his divine protection over all that is yours ! Finally, remain assured, my dear Sir, that I more frequently invoke his favours for you than for myself.

ERASMUS ULRICH.

L E T T E R XCIII.

HENRIETTA WERNER

TO THE

REVEREND MR. ULRICH.

NOTwithstanding the fatigue of my late journey, the desire of writing to you, my dear father, precludes

—* ISAIAH XXV. 4.

that

that of repose. I wish to unbosom to you all that has most interested me;—but alas! what a change! How new and how difficult to me the task of expressing on paper those sentiments which hitherto I have been accustomed to communicate to you, warm from the heart, undisturbed, uninterrupted, unreserved! Ah! ever dear preserver and protector of my infancy, why must your daughter be thus separated from you,—having so strongly attached her to you by benefits? My heart so long exclusively occupied by you,—your presence has thence become essential to my happiness. That happiness which the attentions I have been accustomed to render you have in a great measure constituted. That happiness I have lost!—I am far from you! the author of my be-

ing is exposed to the perils of war ! Those who have preserved me to him, find themselves deserted at that period when the cares of Henrietta are most requisite,—what an abundant theme for grief !

But these complaints are unavailing. I forget too that the design of this letter is to inform you of our journey hither, and of our safe arrival. What superadded pleasure to have now the company of those who so long have held an exclusive place in my heart.

The first ten miles of our journey regret was depicted on every countenance ; my mother separated from her spouse,—I from you and Mrs. Ulrich, and Charles yet suffering the conflict of emotions, which the parting of him and his father had excited.

About

About twelve leagues from H **, we found a relay of horses, which Mr. Wifenu had sent us; himself met us at S ***. Ah! my ever valued friend! what a man! and how worthy my father's esteem and friendship! He has a fine physiognomy, open, animated, and expressive of candour and innate worth: his discourse, the characteristics of which are sense, spirit and intelligence, forms a happy union with the most engaging urbanity of manners. Permit me again to repeat, that the good qualities of his heart, —the excellence of his soul, is depicted in his countenance, and throws an indescribable grace over his exterior. On the whole, the first judgment that the observer forms of him, must at once be favourable and unerring. The more

we know him, the more our love and esteem for him encreases. His agreeable conversation gradually dissipated our melancholy in disposing us for the reception of the sweetest sentiments.

Yesterday, after a journey of several hours, quitting the open country, we entered a forest. In about an hour after, our carriage stopped, we alight, when Mr. Wisenau taking my hand and that of my mother, kissed them, and embracing Charles, said, "I felicitate you!—you are
 "now in your own demesne! this
 "portion of his estate is appro-
 "priated to you by our dear Major,
 "the tenderest of husbands and of
 "fathers, and the best of friends."

Think what were our feelings. Good God! with what delicious emotions we trod this spot! A flood
 of

of tears ran down my cheeks, and suffused my bosom. If in a situation at once so delightful and affecting, I might be allowed the comparison, I would say that Columbus felt not higher transport and greater happiness when he first set foot on the new world, which he had so long sought amidst danger and difficulty.

We kept silence, as if we feared that the delicious sentiment which filled our hearts, would evaporate. Ah! if my father were then with us! what a consummation of felicity! The reflection we all felt at that moment. But I formed yet another wish; and that, my dear preserver! my second father! my guide! my friend! regarded you!

We walked forward,—Mr. Wisenau conducted my mother, and
Charles

Charles me; we spoke but little, the silent language of feeling supplied the place of words. The delicious sentiment that filled our hearts, yet struggled for expansion.

We again got into the carriage,—the wood now began to open into an extensive plain, over which the sight wandered unbounded. The earth was covered with ripening products of a favourable season. “It is all your own,” said Mr. Wisenau. We had now arrived at the village; we observed with pleasure a numerous peasantry, whose looks indicated health, competence and contentment; their houses neat and commodious, and their grounds in the most improved state of cultivation. To our left, situate on an eminence, we observed a castle in the gothic style of architecture,—

“That

“ That castle,” said our amiable guide, “ was built by our dear Major’s uncle ; it is not, indeed, in “ the most fashionable taste, but it “ is calculated for convenience, and, “ instead of magnificence, you find “ the useful and agreeable ; neither “ do the extensive gardens present “ that appearance by which, in the “ language of modern refinement, “ art is held to improve upon nature ; that art which however is “ incapable of vying with her picturesque beauties and endless variety, which will always appear “ new ;—see the croud of peasants “ that come forward,—the Major’s, “ —now your happy tenantry. The “ tabor and pipe declare their joy ; “ —men, women, children,—all “ the inhabitants of these rural abodes, come to welcome ye. These “ rustic

“rustic visitors are perhaps more
 “desirable, at least are more sincere
 “in their greetings, than a more
 “splendid company. It is the na-
 “tive effusion of disinterested affec-
 “tion, the unpurchased tribute of
 “heart-felt joy; they already press
 “forward to manifest their regard
 “and respect to the children of their
 “general father and benefactor.”

A venerable peasant, the father of
 the village, and now the spokesman
 of the meeting, addressed us in a
 few words, which however convey-
 ed a well-turned compliment, ex-
 pressed in natural and unaffected
 phrase, and accompanied with that
 air of sincerity and affection which
 affords a transcript of the speaker's
 soul. Two young women, suitably
 attired, presented us with handsome
 nosegays; we perceived their desire
 to

to speak, their timid blushes, the unuttered words that seemed to expire on their lips, at once excused their silence, and eloquently expressed their sentiments. At length, the handsomest of them, assuming courage, took Charles's hand and mine; they joined them around a garland of flowers, and (her blushes emulating the tint of her own roses) said, "May they ever bloom, and ever be undivided!"—You will justly suppose, that we requited this agreeable gratulation with all possible kindness, and that we feel for those good people all the regard and all the interest which their conduct must naturally inspire. How sweet thus to perceive that we are beloved, and thus gratify the best inclinations of the heart!

But

But I grow tedious, and by this time you have doubtless wished these insignificant details abridged.

We now entered the castle, which we found to be such as Mr. Wifenuau had described. To me, who have been accustomed to less towering and ornamented mansions, it appears very magnificent. Yet my father's character is that of a plain man, despises pomp, and sets no value upon that but which is solid. This principle is particularly manifest in his gardens, where vegetables grow beside the tulip and the hyacinth. Almost every tree bears fruit, and it is obvious that a wise and provident œconomy has directed the whole with a double view to pleasure and to profit.

The conversation of Mr. Wifenuau, always instructive and agreeable, had
pro-

prolonged our after-supper's sitting to a late hour,—when an old man, bending beneath the weight of years, and supported by crutches, entered the apartment; his appearance forcibly attracted my attention;—he was dressed in the hussar uniform, his aspect was extremely interesting, the impression it made on me at that moment was deep and indelible; his hairs white as snow, fell down his temples, concealing the wrinkles which time had made; his eyes elicited the last lustres of that fire with which, in his more youthful days, they had been animated, and still glancing on the beholders an expression of sentiment and vivacity. An indescribable character of martial pride and spirit yet triumphed on his time-worn countenance, which yet retained two deep

deep scars of a brave, honourable attestation of his services and valour.

We rose, and advanced toward him; he first saluted my mother, then taking Charles's hand and mine, he kissed them, the tear of pleasure starting in his eye;—"An old soldier," said he, "whose life is almost finished, and who has long existed by the generous humanity of his best benefactor, is desirous of offering his respects to his patron's family, and joining his feeble voice in the general prayer for their felicity!" Mr. Wisenau led him to a chair, and this brave veteran enjoyed the chief pleasure of his old age, in reciting the events of former wars, which he described in a manner that rendered them truly interesting; indeed as my father was a principal actor

actor in them, the details could not possibly be tiresome.

From the above account you will immediately recognize the portrait of old Graber, from whom we formerly have seen a letter expressive of acknowledgments for my father's bounty. You may remember to have heard that to this brave man my father is indebted for the preservation of his life at Freyberg. Judge, then, if we should not endeavour to render happy the residue of Graber's days,—him to whom we are indebted for our own happiness?

We have been on a visit to the Curate of this place; he is a very worthy man, and is extremely zealous in the performance of his duty. All the inhabitants of the village are emulous in their expressions of respect

respect and affection for their amiable pastor. He is married to the widow of his predecessor in the curacy, whose son has been placed by my father in the university of H***. Every day affords us some new instance of my father's benevolence. I am not surprised that he is so dear to the inhabitants of this place; he does good, yet speaks not of it; he forgets the services he renders others, whilst on the other hand the objects of his beneficence remember and acknowledge it. Thus gratitude divulges that liberality which only self-approving charity would conceal. How happy am I to have such a father! Even before I had arrived here, he had gained me the hearts of all.

I have yet much to say to you, my dear parents, but I must reserve

It for a future letter. I hope that this will not prove tedious, and that you will continue to love me as your daughter.

HENRIETTA WERNER.

L E T T E R. XCIV.

WISENAU TO WOLKMAR.

YOUR last letter informed me that you were about to change your position;—I therefore scarcely expect that this letter will reach you, yet I find myself impelled to write to you by the desire of communicating my present joy and happiness. Since the arrival here of the angelic company you sent me, your castle is become a paradise; the charming fiction of Tasso, when he describes the effects of Armida's magic wand, is realized here. All is pleasure

pleasure unallayed, and pure as those hearts which give and receive it. The hours glide away uncounted; never was the flight of time so delightfully rapid.

Dear Hussar! your spouse is indeed amiable! How just your regrets! Your descriptions, which seemed to me as those of a lover, who in fond enthusiasm deifies the object of his passion, and speaks only of perfection and adoration;—your descriptions, I say, from the moment I beheld her, appeared to me unimpassioned and inadequate. She every day developes some latent perfection;—she is extremely fond of her daughter, who takes her for her model, and indeed rivals the various excellence of Mrs. Wolkmar. Happy father! happy spouse! Can you be sufficiently sensible of your felicity!

I often

I often reflect on those extraordinary ways by which Providence hath conducted us. Who could have said—"Wolkmar! this war, this
 "war so afflictive from the painful
 "retrospect of your misfortunes in
 "a former one, shall again restore
 "to you your wife and daughter." Who could have foreseen an event so uncommon in the ordinary course of things? Behold the result of the SUPREME COUNCILS! weak mortals that we are! we complain,—murmur, as Providence developes its plans, and, in order to render us happy, denies our most ardent wishes, which, to have granted, would have operated as a curse. How fervently have I wished, that the present war had not taken place,—how deprecated its evils! We should meet all events patiently and

VOL. II. L resign-

resignedly; it is sufficient for us to know that they are ordered by a Superior Reason.

I often read the letters in which you mention Henrietta. I perceive the irresistible and unerring impulse of nature in that pure attachment which at first sight you conceived for her,—an attachment so very different from every former one, and which, as you express it, “you could only compare to that of a father for his daughter.”—Happy Wolkmar!

But I must not forget your son-in-law, the amiable Werner:—what an excellent young man! what health, activity, gaiety, suavity and correctness of manners! It is surely with great injustice that your family blames you for consenting to your daughter's marriage with him.

He

He has not indeed the adventitious nobility of a distinguished lineage ; he may not trace his origin through a race of remote and doubtful ancestry ;—but to young Werner may be justly applied the observation of Tiberius on one of his courtiers,—(whom the degenerate posterity of the Fabii, the Valerii, and the Metelli, affected to consider as a new man,) “ to me Castius Rufus seems to be born of himself * ;” and in like manner, Werner, for his is the true nobility,—the nobility of soul, a soul actuated only by whatever is virtuous and honourable ; he constitutes the happiness of Henrietta, and that happiness is truly reciprocal. What an unnatural fa-

* This memorable observation of Tiberius, unequalled in his knowledge of human nature, is recorded by Tacitus, *Videntur mihi ex se nati.*

ANN. II.

TRANSLATOR.

L 2

ther

ther then must he be, who could resolve to counteract the dictates of nature, and sacrifice the felicity of an only child at the barbarous tribunal of Gothic prejudice. Our Germany, my dear Wolkmar, is an hundred leagues removed from Europe in good sense and true philosophy; I do not mean to assert that we have not learned men and philosophers amongst us, but that they have not yet attacked the absurd and ridiculous pride of our nobility, which reckons as nothing all pretensions that are unsupported by heaps of mouldy parchment genealogies, and obsolete titles; our country is still fettered by fœdal notions.

When will you return to us, to complete the happiness of your family, and that of the inhabitants of our villages? If our general prayer
be

be granted by Heaven, we shall soon embrace you at the castle, then exchanging the toils and dangers of the field for the pleasures of love and friendship. Hasten hither, my friend ! Every felicity awaits you !

All your tenantry and domestics have formed the utmost affection for the new comers. But your old soldier, the brave Graber, is a particular favourite with Henrietta. Mrs. Wolkmar's letters and those of Henrietta, will supply what may be wanting in mine. Remain assured of our unbounded affection ; in this we are actuated by one heart and one soul.

WISNAU.

L E T T E R XCV.

WOLKMAR TO WISENAU.

YOUR letter, my dear friend, has given me great pleasure. I doubt not but my Louisa and her children will every day more and more deserve your esteem. Indeed, could aught encrease my affection for those dear relatives, it would be the approbation of Wisenau.—I know your discernment, and your abhorrence of flattery.

My wife and daughter deserve indeed my best affection; and if to possess every invaluable quality that constitutes the excellence of the human character, be the criterion of true nobility, I believe that few husbands or fathers can more justly appropriate those enviable distinctions

tions than your friend. If there be those who think otherwise, and that they are impertinent enough to tell me so, I shall not conceal my pity and contempt for that preposterous pride which generates such notions. But I trust, that as my sentiments on this subject are already well known, that my relations will conduct themselves accordingly. As to my aunts at K***, they are pitiful beings, about whose opinions I am quite indifferent; as I have not reckoned on their approbation, so I can readily dispense with it. Others of my relations concern me still less: I consider them as incorrigible, and absolutely infatuated with their nobility: they afford striking proofs that an ability to trace our genealogies ages back, cannot confer merit,

L 4

and

and that folly is not always unallied to titles.

I love young Werner as I should my own son; he is a man of great merit and virtue, and who will be an honour to my family.—I might have had for my son-in-law some noble youth who would have disgraced it.

Werner's father, who has a thorough knowledge of agriculture, has made his son a considerable proficient therein. I request that you, my dear Wisenau, will also communicate to him the result of your experience in rural œconomics.

I am impatient to return to you. When peace is concluded, I shall apply for my dismissal from the service, then to retire to that sweet, that desirable retreat,—thenceforth to enjoy the tranquil and substantial pleasures

pleasures of a domestic life. I never before was so sensible of the inconveniencies and painful privations of war, as nothing can supply the place which you and my dear relatives hold in my heart, or equal those painful sensations which absence from you excites. Add to this, that at my age the declining powers suffer a daily and irreparable waste. During the present campaign, the entire service has been supported by our Hussars in an incessant series of hard-fought actions. The enemy have a treble number of cavalry opposed to ours ; we are attacked every night : last night we had a severe skirmish, in which my company acquitted themselves with great bravery. We pursued the enemy about two miles, and made several prisoners ; on our return to the camp

we were met by the King. He was pleased to honour us with his approbation. We exultingly repeated *Bravo! Bravo!* several times, the word yet resounds in my ears. How pleasing to have a master sensible of our services! Who at once excites to, and rewards brave actions! Each of my Hussars thrilled with joy, and would at that moment have devoted his life for his Prince.

Yet, notwithstanding our successes, I am sensible that peace is preferable to the most glorious war, and that to our aged Monarch, bending beneath years and laurels, it should be yet more desirable than to us. He is convinced, that his present martial occupation must induce a remission of the more important cares of civil government, which, being abandoned, though but for a
short

short period, disorders will inevitably creep into the state. After all, believe me, Wisenau, our great Prince is at present more occupied than all the Sovereigns of Europe together.

LEOPOLD WOLKMAR.

L E T T E R XCVI.

HENRIETTA WERNER

T O T H E

R E V E R E N D M R . U L R I C H .

SUFFER, my ever dear and tender father, your afflicted, your inconsolable daughter, to seek in your paternal arms, a refuge from her present calamity; to shed her tears on your sympathizing bosom; you will weep with me, you will justify the excess of my sorrow, by your own;—alas! even then shall I be consoled? Yet may you inspire me

L 6

with

with fortitude, dispose me to resignation.

* * * *

Those happy days,—that blissful state,—have passed away!—Yet my dream of happiness,—(for how temporary and fleeting all human joy!) might have been brief,—but to be dissipated in a manner so terrible! Ah! my father! the dear author of my being! and could not the ardent, the perpetual prayers of thy family,—could not thy virtues,—the tenour of thy life,—pleasing to God,—useful to man;—save thee?

* * *

My father has been dangerously wounded,—Ah! perhaps whilst I now write,—he is no more!

* * *

We continue in the most painful uncertainty;—my mother stays alone

in her chamber, incapable of giving, as of receiving, consolation ;—Mr. Wisenau endeavours to inspire us with fortitude and hope, whilst his feelings involuntarily contradict his words. Grief and consternation is general here, no cemetery wears a blacker or more shocking aspect than this castle, where but yesterday all was happiness and joy.

* * *

My dear Charles has this moment departed for the camp.

* * *

My poor old Graber ! and could the grief of Henrietta admit of augmentation ? Dear,—valued old man ! He is so affected by this deplorable event, that he has taken to his bed ;—I dare not go to see him. My presence would but encrease his malady, perhaps hasten his dissolution.

I have

I have not seen my mother since last night,—she shuns me, and will see no person but the wife of our curate. O that I were at this moment with you ! with your amiable spouse ! Accustomed to behold her,—to contemplate in her the sweet serenity, the happy equability of a mind characterized by truth, virtue and innocence ; a sweet sympathy would moderate my grief,—I should no longer complain,—I should be ashamed to murmur.

* * *

The good old Graber is no more ! His last words expressed my father's name, and his expiring wishes implored for him safety and happiness.—Graber ! I envy thee ! thou art beyond the controul of human events ! Your perfect happiness from
hence-

henceforth unchangeable, undiminished !

* * *

I had yesterday so violent a headache that I could not continue to write.—Graber was buried this evening ; Mr. Wifenu, all the domestics, and the inhabitants of the village, formed a procession to the place of interment. My brave old soldier will not soon be forgotten here, he was universally regarded. I propose to have a monument erected to his memory ; on it shall be represented the affair of Freyberg, when he averted the sabre raised against my father, and singly repulsed the croud of assailants that surrounded him.

When I receive any intelligence, I shall immediately forward it to
you.

you. Pity your unhappy daughter,
and join your prayers to hers!

HENRIETTA WERNER.

L E T T E R XCVII.

CAPTAIN PERGREN

T O

MR. WISENAU.

IT is, my dear friend, with inexpressible concern, that I inform you of the death of Major Wolkmar; a letter from Mr. Petrony says, that this event took place yesterday morning. Another letter from the camp confirms these sad tidings. Mr. Wolkmar is universally regretted as a man possessed of every virtue. His benevolence was unbounded. There are few persons here to whom his memory is not endeared, and to whom

whom he has not rendered some service. What an irreparable loss to his family ! All your prudence will be necessary in communicating this melancholy intelligence to Mrs. Wolkmar and her daughter.

Yours, &c.

GEORGE PERGREN.

L E T T E R XCVIII.
 H E N R I E T T A W E R N E R
 T O T H E
 R E V E R E N D M R . U L R I C H .

AS when the gathering tempest forms above us the most tremendous appearances, and we expect, with fearful apprehensions, the moment when it shall burst upon us ; —when all nature, as in consternation and dread, is hushed in awful silence ;

silence ;—the winged inhabitants of
 the air suspend their notes ;—the
 terrified quadrupeds seek some se-
 cure covert ;—man surveys with
 trembling inquietude the aspect of
 the heavens ;—the thunder rolls ;—
 torrents of rain menace a second de-
 luge ;—the elements war as if for
 mutual destruction :—a favourable
 wind arises, the clouds disperse, the
 horizon brightens, the brilliant
 azure reappears, the sun's glorious
 beams again cheer and embellish the
 face of nature ;—thus has the SUN
 of MERCY dissipated from around
 us the clouds of affliction, every
 object again resumes to us its wont-
 ed pleasing aspect, benign and cheer-
 ful as a fine day in spring. Praise
 be for evermore to that eternal Pro-
 vidence which so often has mani-
 fested its favour to us !

Heaven

Heaven knows in what indescribable anguish of mind, my last letter was written ;—we had received, from no doubtful authority, advice of my father's death :—Hubert's arrival with the intelligence that he yet lives, and is in a favourable way, has once more restored us to life and happiness. I am much surprised that we have received no letter from Charles, and that Hubert makes no mention of his arrival at the camp, although, when Hubert wrote, he had been eight days gone from hence !

HENRIETTA WERNER.

L E T-

L E T T E R XCIX.

HENRIETTA WERNER

T O T H E

REVEREND MR. ULRICH.

AN inexorably cruel fortune pursues your unhappy daughter ! What terrible instances of the mutability of human affairs ! But a few days since, and every thing conspired to give me the assurance of a happy and prosperous life ;—elevated rank, —independance,—amiable and tender parents, an affectionate spouse : —Alas ! how often have I compared my late happy state, with that heavenly beatitude reserved for the good ! My tranquil felicity seemed secured by the presence of protective angels !—But what a change ! Great God ! how depressed,

ed,—how dismayed!—Unsupported even by hope, unpossessed of that resignation, which if it redresses not calamities, at least soothes, and alleviates their weight. Yes! my father! misery is indeed mine,—I already perceive myself at the bottom of the abyss!—Nought remains to me but the recollection of those pleasing illusions to which I too confidently delivered myself. O my Charles! my dear Werner! where art thou! whither shall my soul,—forlorn,—comfortless,---go? What course pursue to find thine? Dreadful uncertainty! worse than a thousand deaths! If thou art no more, can thy Henrietta continue to live? May she not then unblamed,---merciful Heaven! No! No! thou wilt not oppose our reunion!

They

They would have concealed from me this terrible intelligence,---a letter from my father-in-law, which, during the absence of Mr. Wifenu, I found in his chamber,---disclosed the lamentable truth; --- the first lines of that fatal letter harrowed my soul, astonishment,---affliction, despair;---I could not finish it,--- I fell on the floor in a state of utter insensibility.

I returned to life,---to misery. Mr. Wifenu was profuse in his assurances that the letter which I had just read, contained only the ill-founded conjectures of a man too apt to give way to the suggestions of fear. But I too well perceived that he sought to keep me ignorant of the deplorable event. Inhuman favour! Barbarous compassion! Better he had pierced my heart!

Better than to consign me to the lingering pangs of mortal inquietude ! O you my ever dear, revered father and preserver ! grant the last wishes of your daughter ! Tell me, I conjure you, tell me ! if my dear spouse lives ? Can they think to keep me ignorant of his fate ? O my dear benefactor ! my father ! sensible that I shall receive from you with a more patient acquiescence, this dreadful certainty,—at once announce it ! Give me to know the worst ! 'Tis you who best can speak that language which accords with the feelings of my heart,—dear and best of friends ! for pity's sake ! at once impart, and aid me to bear, the afflictive tidings ; delay not your answer,—I again repeat, altho' it should be that which I dread the most !

HENRIETTA WERNER.

L E T-

L E T T E R C.

THE REVEREND MR. ULRICH

T O

HENRIETTA WERNER.

WHAT shall I do? How direct my daughter in her present pensive and afflicting situation? How reassure, or support her? To tell her that we sympathize, that we weep with her, that our ardent and continual prayers are addressed to Heaven for her, would be superfluous; — we wish to console her, but how give consolation when ourselves so greatly need it?

I am sensible, my dear child, that in your present deplorable uncertainty, it is natural to suppose the worst. Yet, — beneath the pressure of calamity, let us still remember

ber that we are under the government of an all-powerful, all-present, and infinitely good Being ;— who never wills aught but that which immediately or remotely tends to our benefit ! Let us, my dear Henrietta, throw ourselves into his paternal arms, repose with hope and with confidence on his inscrutable decrees, present him with the acceptable sacrifice of an obedient heart,—of its best and most precious affections. Review the events of your past life, and you will from thence derive a deep conviction of the necessity of implicitly devoting ourselves to a guide all-wise and all-benevolent.

Did you not at one period of your life consider yourself an orphan from the cradle ? condemned never to know those to whom you owed your

existence? How often have I kissed away the tear which this painful idea has excited? Yet to you a father is given,---and such a father! . . . Henrietta! . . . say—who preserved thee to him? Who directed him to thee?

Your mother was still wanting, —no doubt remained of her having perished in the conflagration; indeed the supposition that she had escaped, would have comprehended the idea of a miracle;—you could only hope to meet her in the abodes of the blessed;—yet we have, notwithstanding, seen you in her arms! She now consoles you; she supports and fortifies your soul, which grief might else overwhelm;—but that which eminently displays the guiding hand, the bounteous goodness of divine Providence,---this most
 excel-

excellent mother was chosen to assist us in the important task of your education.

Nor does the recapitulation of Heaven's bounties end here ;—have you not, my dear Henrietta, been for several days in the power of the infamous ravisher, aided by a monster yet more execrable ? Have you not escaped from them ? Not only perfectly innocent, but perfectly pure ? The especial interposition of Providence, which did not for a moment abandon, could alone have secured from them !

Again, my daughter ;—were you not very lately alarmed by a rumour of your father's death ? Yet that tenderest and best of fathers, that father so justly adored,—lives ;—then say, my dear child,---say by what signal favour, by what espe-

cial direction, the issue of these incidents has been uniformly happy?

Distinguished thus by so many favours of Heaven, impose, Henrietta, henceforth impose silence on thy weak heart ;---exchange despair for hope, and doubt for confidence ; lose not by impatience and complaint, those fruits of blessedness which thou mayest acquire from this additional trial of your resignation to the will, and reliance on the dispensations of divine Providence!

You desire me to write without reserve of all that we have learnt respecting your husband ;---I declare to you, my dear child, we have no proof that he is irremediably lost to you : I grant, indeed, that the ignorance in which we remain about him, admits of no very favourable inferences ; but hope is still ours ;
and

and who knows, my dear child, but to-morrow we may have happy news! Who knows but he will himself arrive to dissipate our present alarms!

Despair not then, my dear Henrietta! In profound submission to the supreme arbiter of the universe, cease not, in meek resignation to his sovereign will, to present him that best offering which his creatures can give, and which, we are graciously assured, will be most acceptable to him!

ERASMUS ULRICH.

L E T T E R C I.

THE SYNDIC WERNER

T O

MR. WISENAU.

THE blow, Sir, is struck! My heart, before smote by grief, is now deeply and incurably wounded; I cannot possibly survive.---Yesterday the body of my unfortunate son was found about two miles beyond the place where (as my last letter mentions) his horse had fallen; thus the last ray of hope is extinguished.—Alas! as hitherto I have found that no satisfaction can equal that of a father happy in his son, so the sad experience of the present day convinces me, that no affliction can exceed his when he has the misfortune to lose that son. Ah! my
 dear

dear Sir ! if God supports me not,
I shall fall into despair !

His unhappy wife should be apprized of this, — notwithstanding our excellent Curate persists in his disbelief of a fact, alas, too well attested ! Mr. Ulrich's doubts are grounded on the following circumstances, — the body which was found had been so disfigured, that it was impossible to recognize it ; — the garments had been stripped from it, so that we are deprived even of the wretched consolation of identifying him.

What an issue to all those pleasing projects which I had delighted myself in forming ! What a terrible proof how little it behoves man to propose to himself any measures for the future ! I had made every arrangement for quitting the farm,

and going to live with my dear children : I had promised myself repose—and happiness for the residue of my days ;—pleasing prospects ! forever to be foregone ! I shall never repose but in the tomb,—I shall not meet my beloved son but in the realms of eternity !

I have not, for a considerable time, received any letter from Major Wolkmar ;—may God preserve that brave and worthy man ! May he soon return in safety to his distressed family ! And above all, prevent his amiable daughter, who shall be ever dear to me, from sinking beneath this stroke of affliction.

JOSEPH WERNER.

LET-

L E T T E R CII.

LIEUT. COL. VOGLESBERG

T O

MAJOR WOLKMAR.

I HAVE had, Sir, the honour of being known to you formerly at Dresden;—it was during the last war. I have not forgot, Sir, nor ever shall, the generosity and disinterestedness with which you softened my then captivity. I feel myself extremely happy, Sir, that the present occasion affords me an opportunity of demonstrating to you, my deep sense of those obligations which you have conferred upon me.

There lately fell into the hands of one of our detached parties, a young man, who, having no passport to produce, has been detained

as a spy : you know, Sir, that little ceremony is used in disposing of persons of this description ; as from his youth, favourably prepossessing person, and a certain ingenuous air, so far interested us for him, that we have dispensed with the prompt severity which martial law has enjoined in such cases, and for the present have given him into the custody of the Provost Martial.

I supped last night with the General, and was much surprised to hear that the young man in question, had claimed affinity to Major Wolkmar ;—declaring himself your son-in-law.—I offered to write to you forthwith on the subject, and the General was charmed with the opportunity of at once serving you, and saving the life of an innocent man.

This young man further says, that he is the son of a Syndic of a village in Silesia, and that his name is Charles Werner; he is in height about five feet six inches, and has nothing mean in his physiognomy.

If you delay, Sir, to answer this letter, it will be at the risque of his removal to Prague. And, if he be your son-in-law, it would be advisable also to write a few words to the General, with the certainty to you of his immediate liberation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L. VOGLESBERG.

L. C. J. C.

L E T T E R CIII.

A N S W E R.

THE remembrance you have been pleased to preserve of our former friendship at Dresden, is to me a

M 6

cir-

circumstance equally pleasing and honourable:—the recent proof I have received of your regard has laid me under the greatest obligation;—obligation, before which those attentions occasion formerly enabled me to render you,—disappear:—you, Sir, have restored my family to happiness, you have relieved my heart from the pressure of the heaviest afflictions; --- no! --- my dear Sir! I never can sufficiently acknowledge the benefit!

The young man's report is in every respect true; he is not a spy, so far from it, that I am well assured the bare idea of such an employment would inspire him with horror. Judge, Sir, how anxiously I desire his safety, when I assure you that I am ready to commit my
 life

life and fortune on his probity and honour.

I have every hope, Sir, from your friendship and good offices, and that you will support with all your interest, the letter which I write to General L***;—that you will also furnish Charles Werner with the necessary passports to protect him from the re-occurrence of that dangerous situation from which your humanity has extricated him.

I beg leave, Sir, to repeat my acknowledgments of your kind interposition in this affair,

And am, &c. Sir,

LEOPOLD WOLKMAR.

L E T-

L E T T E R CIV:

LIEUT. COL. VOGLESBERG

T O

MAJOR WOLKMAR.

THAT son-in-law, my dear Sir, whom you so much lamented, will be the bearer of this letter.—Happy as I must be in saving the life of an innocent man, and serving a brave officer, for whom I have the highest regard,—I yet rate, Sir, this service at a very high price, nor will I abate aught of my demand; I require, Sir, your friendship;---and I entreat that you will accept of mine.

With wishes that the speedy cure of your wounds may be succeeded by a long continuance of health,

I remain, Sir, &c.

L. VOGLESBERG.

L E T-

L E T T E R CV.

T O M R S. W E R N E R.

HAPPILY delivered from the most imminent peril,—I take up the pen to give you the detail of my late adventures; at least so far as will gratify your impatience and that of my friends at the castle.

You have perhaps already been informed, that before I had advanced two leagues on my way to the camp, my servant was suddenly taken ill, I therefore proceeded without him, but by an inadvertency, that afterwards cost me very dear, I left our passports behind me at the inn. I was well acquainted with the country, and in order to shorten my journey, I struck off the main road into a forest, in which I had not
went

went far before I was saluted by a shot from a fusée : my horse took fright, plunged, and threw me, then sprang forward and I immediately lost sight of him :—four ruffians, who seemed of that barbarous crew which, under the denomination of irregular troops, are attached to the Emperor's army, rushed forward, seized, pinioned me, and rifled my pockets. They forced me along with them, treating me with great brutality ;—we arrived that evening at an advanced post of the Imperial Pandours.

I now heard those terrible words, “ He is a spy : ”—the blood chilled in my veins ;—I shook as in an ague ;—I expected nothing less than an order for my immediate execution, thinking that they would not take the trouble of inquiring into the
the

the truth of the alledged crime, but that once suspected of being a spy, I should be summarily punished as such.

Being brought before their officer, he demanded my passports; not having them to produce, he, with fierce and menacing gestures, remanded me to prison, at the same time addressing his Tyrolese myrmidons in broken German, the purport of which I too well understood.

That night was indeed to me a fearful one;—I suffered the vilest treatment from my guards, and was the object of all their gross insult and inhuman raillery.

The village where we next halted, was full of light troops; the officer before whom I was here also brought and examined, was not wholly devoid of humanity. My unhappy
situation

situation excited his compassion ;—
 “ Poor young man !” said he, “ I
 “ must transmit you farther,—you
 “ have my best wishes,—for I am
 “ inclined to think that your pre-
 “ sent embarrassment is less to be
 “ attributed to guilt, than to mis-
 “ fortune.” He then ordered me
 some refreshment, and some provi-
 sion for the journey.

I was now placed, still guarded
 as before, in a kind of covered car-
 riage, and thus proceeded, without
 any companions but my cares and
 inquietudes. I arrived at * * *,
 where the Colonel’s quarters were.
 I underwent a long examination be-
 fore him ; the result, however, was
 favourable. He would have order-
 ed me my liberty, but his autho-
 rity did not extend so far. He gave
 me at my departure some instruc-
 tions,

tions, (which were eventually of service) and also presented me with three crowns in money.

From hence I was sent to the main body of the Imperial army, where, expecting the fatal sentence would be pronounced, my anguish redoubled as I approached the place.

* * *

God be praised! my father's physicians have just now declared him out of danger!

* * *

After my examination before the General, I was again conducted to prison, without the fatal denunciation I had expected.---It was now proposed to send me to Prague,---then, and not before, I ventured to avow my relationship to your father, but this declaration was considered only as a fable invented to delay my
 execu-

execution. The night that preceded my deliverance was a horrible one ; they confined in the same room with me an actual spy, and the savages who guarded us, amused themselves, as usual, by making us the subjects of their derision and abuse.

About eight o'clock the next morning, an officer entered the room in which my fellow prisoner and I were, and said, " which of you is " Charles Werner ?" I replied,— He regarded me for a few moments, —a certain expression of mildness and humanity in his countenance, inspired me with hope ; it seemed the harbinger of good fortune :— " I am informed," continued he, " that you declare yourself the son-in-law of Major Wolkmar ?" " It is true, Sir !" ——" I know Major Wolkmar well, and if, on inquiry,

“ quiry, it turns out that you have
“ deceived us, far from mitigating
“ your punishment, it will subject
“ you to a double retribution,—in
“ acting as a spy for the enemy,
“ and again in having unwarrant-
“ ably made use of Major Wolk-
“ mar’s name.”—In answer to this,
I entreated him to write to Major
Wolkmar, mentioned the place to
which he had retired till his wounds
were cured, and declared myself
willing to suffer death, if my ac-
count was not verified. The fol-
lowing day I was again brought be-
fore the General, who received me
very graciously, and told me, I was
at my liberty.—This sudden and
unexpected change so overpowered
me, that I was unable to express
my thanks.—“ I am concerned,”
said the General, “ for what you
“ have

“ have suffered, if you had sooner
 “ informed me of your affinity to
 “ Major Wolkmar, your detention
 “ would have been short;—M.
 “ Vogleßberg will furnish you with
 “ passports.”——

I arrived soon after, escorted by an Imperial detachment, at one of our out-posts, where I met your father;—he, with his wonted kindness, assured me that my safe return was the true remedy for healing his wounds. The brave Hubert was overjoyed, he seemed to acquire renewed youth; I shall make this affectionate old soldier as happy as I can; and as you have lost your favourite Graber, let Hubert be his successor.

From the camp I immediately proceeded to my father's.---I found him in such a state as rent my heart;

—a few hours later and I should have been left to mourn the best of parents!—I happily arrived in time to rescue him from the grasp of death. I have the pleasure of seeing him every day returning to health. His eyes begin to sparkle with their wonted fire; his countenance rises, his powers return, and with them their concomitants, gaiety and health.

On Monday next I shall set off for the castle; till I arrive there, every moment will seem an age. I have suffered extremely, but of those sufferings, there remains, God be praised! little more than the remembrance; and when you press with your lips the still apparent marks of my fetters, it will be sufficient to efface the recollection of every ill, and to convert a subject
of

of unhappiness into one of felicity!

CHARLES WERNER.

L E T T E R C VI.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THE good Curate is no more! my worthy and revered friend!—I write to you, Henrietta, my eyes suffused with tears, and my heart penetrated by grief. This friend of the distressed, this father to the orphan, has been called from us, to receive the reward of a life devoted to the practice of every virtue. He died universally lamented; his parishioners perfectly adored him, and at his decease every house seemed to present the preparatives for a funeral ceremony. Old and young, rich and

and poor, alike mourn his loss ;— here, a friend,—there, a father, is the subject of lamentation. His poor wife is much to be pitied ;— and yet, Henrietta, you know her profound submission to the will of Heaven ; in one wish all her hopes, all her desires, are now comprehended ;—that it may please God in his good time to take her, and unite her to her excellent husband.

I saw that venerable man expire ! His hand pressed mine as his pure soul aspired towards the mansions of the blessed. The impressions of those moments shall never be effaced ;—yes ! Henrietta ! I have witnessed in what serenity the life of the good can terminate ! It seemed, my angel, like the evening of a fine day. He was sensible of his approaching dissolution ; — he ap-

prized us of it, perfectly collected and firm. "In a few minutes," he said, "I shall cease to be mortal." A placid expression of ineffable delight, the anticipation of unending happiness, beamed on his countenance;—his expiring words were exhortations to all around him to persevere in the paths of virtue, whatever might be the event. At these moments I felt my soul elevated even to the SOURCE OF GOOD;—he now, gently pressing my hand to his bosom, desired me to convey to you his last wishes for your happiness; and his assurance that in those happy abodes to which he hoped to be translated, he should still remember us;—he then reclined upon his pillow;—our tears now flowed without controul.—May we, Henrietta, "die the death
 " of

“ of this righteous man, and may
 “ our latter end be like his !”

We this day committed his remains to earth ; what a sad ceremony ! All the inhabitants of his own, and of the neighbouring villages, attended ; their universal grief formed a tribute to his memory far surpassing that which his friend, the Curate of * * *, delivered. Alas ! it needed not the aid of eloquence to move us ! As the coffin was for the last time opened, I kissed his hand,—the tears I dropped on it remained——

* * *

We have then, my dear Henrietta, lost our good pastor, our friend, our common father ;—but as he has often assured us in those touching and instructive discourses which he was wont to address to us, and in

N 2

those

those truly Christian exhortations which inspired us with the love of virtue, and the desire of well-doing ; —we shall be reunited to him in a better state.—Let us then, Henrietta, cease to mourn the loss of the excellent Ulrich. Let our memories collect and cherish the precious inheritance of his virtues,—the benefits of his precepts,—the benefits of his example ;——all which affords us the best possible comment on that important truth,—that life is not to be measured by time, but by its use ; that he who lives best, lives longest ; that he who lives ill, or lives only to himself, lives but little.—The philanthropic spirit of Ulrich perpetually effused itself in acts of bounty and munificence ; he was indeed “ as the morning “ star in the midst of a cloud, and
“ as

“as the moon at the full*.” And this our dear departed friend, as if Heaven in kindness to mankind, prolonged a life so valuable, “came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season†.”

His death has determined my father to come and reside with us at the castle. Deprived of his old and valued friend, he has no longer any attachment to this place.

I have this day apprized your father of the Curate's death; he will lament him much, for he possessed in an eminent degree Mr. Wolkmär's esteem and regard.

CHARLES WERNER.

* ECCLES. ix. 12.

† JOB v. 26.

L E T T E R CVII.

WOLKMAR TO WISENAU.

HAVE I not, my dear William, incurred your displeasure, in suffering your letter to remain so long unanswered? Yet you well know that negligence or indifference in these matters, never could be imputed to me; you will therefore attribute my delay to its true cause, a multiplicity of affairs, which had lain over in consequence of my illness.

My health is now tolerably established; my wounds, excepting that in my neck, which the Surgeon thinks will be tedious, are cured.

The attention and tenderness of my Surgeon, has been equal to his skill, and by presenting him with
one

one hundred and fifty ducats, for which I have drawn on you, I very inadequately express my sense of his services.

I shall be at Breslau in a few days, when we will adjust our accounts; although my circumstances are somewhat changed, I notwithstanding shall not deviate from that part of my arrangements which respects those who have long depended on me for support. It must not be, because I have recovered my wife and daughter, that any person suffers from my happiness! No! God has been pleased to bless my œconomy and simplicity of life;—I have always observed that middling fortunes possess more resources for doing good, than great ones. Pray signify this resolution to all those who have hitherto derived

N 4

their

their support from my savings, or rather from my superabundance, so that none be rendered unhappy from the apprehension of falling into want. Some matters that particularly concern my wife and daughter, you will find explained in the inclosed paper.

LEOPOLD WOLKMAR.

L E T T E R CVIII.

TO MR. CHARLES WERNER.

YOUR last letter, my dear Charles, which informed me of the decease of our common friend and father, has plunged me into the most excessive grief;—and he is no more! that best of men! and Henrietta at the sad moment far,—far from him! To her denied the
sad

sad consolation of bestowing the last attentions on him,—of receiving from his lips a last benediction!

'Tis with propriety, my dear Charles, that you wish we may like him quit this transitory and eventful scene;—but to insure a consummation so desirable,—we must live like him!

With what attentive care, and fond solicitude, my dear father and pastor reared me from infancy to maturity, formed my mind, and, above all, made me sensible of the superior excellence and beauty of virtue,—I shall ever remember, as the effects of his instructions shall immutably remain. The uniform character of Ulrich, the tenour of his life, was a practical commentary on his precepts. His discourses had that happy persuasive tone, were

accompanied by that indescribable manner, which most interests the hearer, insinuates itself into the soul with a pleasing and irresistible influence, gaining at once our admiration, assent and confidence.

It was impossible to have a purer religion than that of Mr. Ulrich's ; he never disputed on dogmas, but he constantly insisted on the necessity of moral rectitude, and a good life ; his favourite maxim was, that " the only science which God required of us, was that which consisted in the knowledge and practice of virtue." He ever manifested for me the affection of a father, and I for him the respect, the love, the duty of a daughter. I am not surprised that I was so dear to him, my presence perpetually reminding him of the commission of
a good

a good and beneficent action ; and displaying, as it were, before him, his own work, formed beneath the approving smile of that Power whose Providence committed me to his care ! O my father ! never shall your revered image be effaced from my remembrance ! Thou shalt henceforth live in my heart, as heretofore thou hast lived — and in the celestial abodes thou shalt still be my friend and my preceptor ! My soul, wrapt in thoughts of thee, still fondly persuades itself that it communes with thine ! I still invariably follow your counsels, I endeavour unremittingly to attain perfection ; to assimilate my soul to that exemplar which you have left me ; to render myself worthier of rejoining you after death ;—of passing with you the ages of eternity !

Mrs. Ulrich requires our immediate care, we must by every possible means moderate her grief. In as great a degree as my father loved me, so shall I her. Worthy,—respectable woman! If she would consent to come and live with us; —I should endeavour to acquit me, at least in part, of those obligations I owe her. Present her (if she will accept of it) with the inclosed; if she complies with our invitation, and that her age, infirmity, and recent sorrow, allow her to take the journey, I shall expect her with you.

O, my dear Charles! when shall I clasp you in my arms? This absence is to me an eternity in duration. Your father being now recovered, can you not leave him for a few days? I have, too, something
to

to tell you ;—yes, Werner !—pleasing, happy tidings ! But it is with a tender kiss,—a kiss of felicitation, and in the arms of your Henrietta, that it only shall be communicated : I even forbid you to form a conjecture on this secret ; which, if you be not impatient to know, should notwithstanding, above all things, excite your curiosity.

HENRIETTA WERNER.

L E T T E R CIX.

WOLKMAR TO WISENAU.

GOD be praised ! my dear William ! that event which my last gave you to expect, has taken place. The armistice was yesterday proclaimed in both armies, and the congress for
a gene-

a general pacification is opened at Teschen. Every thing concurs in assuring me that the day, the happy day! when I shall again embrace my family and friends, is not far distant. I anticipate that happiness which I shall henceforth enjoy with you in an undisturbed tranquillity, and unbroken reunion. Young Werner writes me word that his father proposes to come and live with us; a circumstance which I consider as a high addition to my future happiness. And here I would submit to you, whether the suite of apartments at the left wing of the castle, as being most commodious, presenting a most pleasing and diversified prospect, and unexposed to the easterly winds, would not be most pleasing to our friend, whom I consider as a great acquisition to
our

our little society : he is experienced in rural œconomics ; speaks well on general topics ; has read much, and has a happy memory ; is besides of a very jovial disposition.

But whilst I acquire one friend, I lose another ! My ever to be remembered, good old Silesian Curate ! the adoptive parent of Henrietta, that he is in the enjoyment of eternal happiness, should obviate our sorrows ; yet that he has been called away, before I had yet sufficiently acknowledged the immense obligation I owed him, is to me a subject of regret. To his amiable comfort I have already ordered my correspondent at * * *, to pay fifty crowns per month, and to double or treble that sum if she requires it.

L. WOLKMAR.

L E T-

L E T T E R CX.

W I S E N A U T O W O L K M A R.

YOUR last letter confirmed the rumour of a peace, which before was very prevalent here ;—hasten, my dear Wolkmar, to the arms of your amiable spouse,—of your children, of those friends who most love and esteem you ;—with what impatience you are expected ! with what heart-felt gladness we shall hail your return !

It was but yesterday that the lost boy returned ;—now we have found him again, be assured we will not suffer him to wander any more.

What a pair,—the new married couple ! What a fine sight ! It was impossible to see their meeting without

out emotion ; their animated and innocent endearments.—At Henrietta's desire, Werner related his adventures, which finished, he remained for a while silent, and regarding Henrietta with an inquisitive and arch air. She penetrated his thoughts, and patted his cheek ; hers at the same moment, flushed with a delicate carnation, which, if it were possible, had added to her beauty. We perceived the heart of Werner immersed in joy ; he clasped Henrietta in his arms, his countenance expressive of the rapturous feelings of his heart, seemed to say, —“ blessings ! a thousand blessings ! “ thy looks,—thy soul,—confirm “ my fond wishes !—They tell me “ I shall soon be a father !”—Happy Wolkmar ! What new delights await thee !

I have

I have also conceived a prepossession for old Werner, from your account of him, and because my attachments are accustomed to receive the sanction of Wolkmar. This respectable man may be assured, that we shall endeavour to render his old age happy, and that we strew with flowers his latter path of life.

Again, I say, hasten to us; you only are wanting to the completion of our happiness.

W I S E N A U.

L E T T E R CXI.

W O L K M A R T O W I S E N A U.

AT length, my dear William, I can with certainty announce that desirable event,—peace; the preliminaries

minaries were yesterday signed at Teschen.

We are all preparing for our departure,—we expect the order every hour. Each of us will then return to those who are most dear to him. But happiest he whom domestic felicity, an excellent friend, a dear wife and children, whose filial love is only equalled by their virtue,—awaits!

WOLKMAR.

L E T T E R CXII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

WE are now on our march;—to-morrow we shall halt at L* * *, and on the twenty-second instant I expect to be with you. Let there
not

not be any extraordinary preparations made on account of my return;—to see you,—to embrace you,—and to remain with you, are my first wishes;—to witness the feelings of your hearts, expressive of satisfaction and content;—of that unuttered and silent joy, more significant than a thousand words, hath ever been to me the most supreme gratification, and ever left on my mind the most durably pleasing impression.

If you and my family meet me at F * *, it will much enhance my happiness.

L. WOLKMAR.

L E T-

L E T T E R CXIII.

TO MR. JOSEPH WERNER, SYNDIC.

I WRITE to you, my dear father, to make you partaker of our present happiness,—a happiness, to the completion of which, your arrival here is only wanting.

That best of fathers, whose absence we have long and grievously lamented, is now in the bosom of his family; his presence renders every day a festival. All here mutually constitute each other's happiness: we seem to possess but one soul, and seem animated by one existence.

Having been apprised of the day of his arrival, our hearts, which burned to embrace him, scarcely
suffered

suffered us to wait the slow approach of the hour appointed for us to set out for F * * * to meet him ; —about four o'clock in the evening a cloud of dust announced the approach of his squadron. Ah ! my dear father !—words are insufficient to express with what avidity my fond anticipating soul inclined towards the dear object of its love. . . . We hear the music, . . . it plays an Austrian march, . . . I see my father at the head of his squadron.

How shall I describe to you the emotions of my soul at that happy moment ? It is impossible ! . . . Yet such doubtless are those of a mind which perpetually anticipates that auspicious moment which shall reunite it to its God ! . . . What a crisis ! . . . Divine Goodness ! With
 what

what a pleasingly painful impatience, I awaited his approach . . . now in my view . . . my soul wished to quit the form which it animated, and spring towards him,—to annihilate the short and still lessening bounds of time and space that yet separated us ! I wished to pierce the intervening croud, to throw myself at his feet, to kiss his hand . . . he was now very near us . . . he spoke . . . the noise and acclamations prevented us from hearing him, at this moment his squadron gave a general huzza !

This delicious illapse of pleasure, which for a few minutes held in sweet captivity all my faculties, was painfully allayed when, on his nearer approach, I beheld the countenance of my dear father pale and meagre, . . . this, however, was but the na-

tural effect of his wounds, and of a long and fatiguing march;—yet how can the mind reason when suddenly affected by a painful sentiment? I gave way to tears;—at length I exclaimed, — “ Father! “ dear and excellent father! our “ cares and fond attentions shall “ shortly restore that glow of health “ which animated your countenance “ before this fatal campaign !”

But how describe our interview ! You know, my dear father,—know how he loves us,—and how we love him recollect what yourself felt when you held in your embrace a son,—whom you had supposed to be no more ! . . . then think what I felt on this occasion ! For I had lost this father, had for some days believed him dead . . . and now to
see

see him return, to enfold him in my arms!——

His arrival home presented a scene, if possible, more touching. The inhabitants of the village, one and all, awaited in eager expectation some one dear to them; their feelings were variously expressed, some were held mute by the mere effect of joy; they would have spoke, but their lips refused utterance to those sentiments with which their bosoms expanded. Others declared their joy in shouts. . . . Here, an old peasant flinging away the staff that supported him, threw himself into the arms of his returning son, and pressed him in speechless transport to his bosom;—there, a mother bending beneath the weight of age, her dim eyes seeking her boy, the sole object of her hopes, whilst

tears of joy filled the furrows that time had worn in her countenance. Amid the croud you might see the coy and beauteous maiden survey, with a side-long glance, the Adonis with formidable whiskers, who, on his departure for the field, had vowed to her inviolable love. Now and then the little children would cry, "Our father is come back again to us! See our father!" Whilst the old children of Mars would smile and kiss those young shoots, the embryo defenders of their country.

But I in vain sought for True-man, that brave Hussar, who rescued me from the horrid Schrubbers; I learned, with regret, that the remains of my generous defender rest in Bohemia, where he fell in a skirmish. Old Hubert

NOW

now appeared ; as soon as he saw us, he sprang forward with the agility of a youth of eighteen ; he seized my arm, kissed it, — I thought he would have broke it, — so vehemently did he express his joy, — of which indeed your son equally partook. Hubert shall, from henceforth, supply the place of old Graber, whose counterpart, in courage and fidelity, Hubert is. Since my father's arrival, we seem to be inhabitants of heaven, rather than of earth. May God continue to preserve to us, him who constitutes our present felicity, this will prolong our happiness, nothing can add to it.

* * *

My father has obtained leave to quit the army, — it has been granted with the most honourable attestations

tions of the King's favour, who has himself written a letter to my father, expressive of thanks for his services, and promoting him to the rank of Colonel. I was present when he took leave of his Squadron for the last time ;—the scene was an affecting one. He then received the last demonstrations of the extreme attachment of his Hussars. They did not, —they could not weep ;—but they shewed that concentrated, that intense emotion which fills, which rends the heart, which disdains vulgar expression ;—each seemed to desire my father's good wishes,—his last adieu ! They were granted with the same feelings with which they were required.

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